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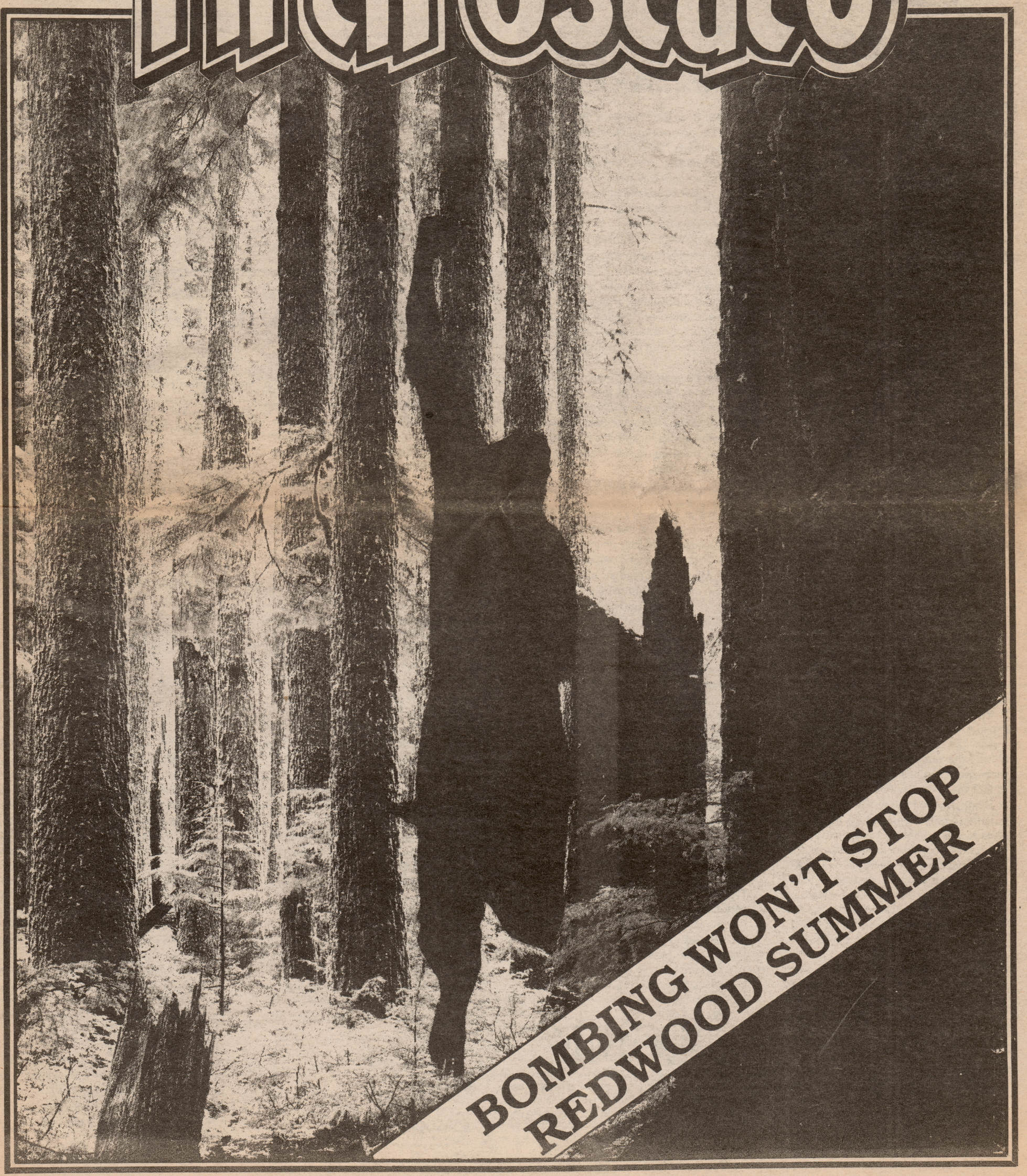
**Anarchy World-Wide, Radical Earth Day, Emma Goldman,
The Plot Against the Black Panthers**

Summer 1990
$1.50

fifth estate



BOMBING WON'T STOP REDWOOD SUMMER

Cover graphic by Freddie Baer

tales from the planet

While nonviolent action in China and Central Europe last year grabbed headlines around the globe, North American media seems to have all but forgotten the ongoing nonviolent direct action campaign for a nuclear-free future. Yet in 1989, nearly 5,500 arrests for anti-nuclear protest in the US and Canada—more than any other previous year—were reported in *The Nuclear Resister* newsletter.

"Reports of the death of the anti-nuclear movement were greatly exaggerated in the second half of the 1980's," notes Felice Cohen-Joppa, co-editor of the *NR*. "The numbers testify to the vitality of a nonviolent movement that in the 1980's recorded at least 37,000 arrests in North America."

The latest statistics, compiled annually by the *NR*, reveal that of 5,500 anti-nuclear arrests, 5,010 were made in the US, and nearly 500 in Canada, during almost 150 protests at more than 70 nuclear power and weapons plants, test sites, along transportation routes and at military bases, government offices and proposed nuclear waste dumps. As a result, at least 90 people have served or are serving from two weeks to 17 years in prison, while hundreds more served lesser sentences.

In the next year, a major challenge facing anti-nuclear activists will be to expose the illusion of a diminished nuclear threat. Image-makers in the Bush administration will strive to finally silence nuclear critics by offering "cosmetic disarmament," in the form of an "arms reduction" treaty to eliminate up to half of the strategic nuclear arsenal.

Yet the weapons most likely to be disarmed under the terms of a potential treaty—the land-based force of 1,000 Minuteman nuclear missiles in silos throughout the heartland of the US —are in fact the least threatening.

While offering to sacrifice silo-based missiles to public demand for nuclear weapons cuts, the Pentagon has clearly stated its intent to continue production of the more modern, less vulnerable weapons which are suitable to first-strike strategies; weapons such as Trident submarines, air- and sea-launched cruise missiles, the Stealth bomber and mobile, land-based missiles (the MX rail-garrison and/or Midgetman).

These statistics for anti-nuclear civil disobedience are compiled each January by the *NR*., and are available on request from: PO Box 43383, Tucson, AZ 85733.

In 1918, as the Bolshevik terror in the Soviet Union grew in intensity, many Russian anarchists fled to the Ukraine in search of safety. Here, they set up the Nabat (Alarm) confederation, originating in Kharkov, but soon spreading to Kiev, Odessa and throughout the region.

It published a paper of the same name and continued to issue bitter attacks on the Soviet dictatorship and actively supported the partisan army of the anarchist Nestor Makhno. The paper was raided in 1920 by the Bolshevik secret police, the Cheka and imprisoned many of its militants including Voline and Aaron Baron which resulted in the crushing of the movement.

After 70 years *Nabat* is again being published in Kharkov by a group affiliated to the KAS (Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalists). The many years of communist oppression cannot destroy a people's wish for freedom nor the means by which it will be attained.

—from *Black Flag*

On the morning of December 5, 1989, Italian police carried out numerous raids on the homes of anarchists in various towns throughout Italy (Milan, Turin, Rome, Massa and Catania), particularly those involved in producing the papers *ProvocAzione* and *Anarchismo*.

A large part of what was seized in Milan was for publication in the next issue of *Provoc-Azione* but the police took the paper's list of subscribers, personal correspondence, pamphlets and Italian and foreign anarchist papers.

Members of Milan editorial group stated, "we will naturally continue to publish everything that has become an object of inquiry and intimidation by the police. None of us will turn back from the struggle."

Copies of both suppressed periodicals are available from Elephant Editions, BM Elephant, London WC1N 3XX.

Last July, the Without Borders (WOB) Anarchist Conference was held in San Francisco (See Winter 1990 FE). Several thousand participants attended the six-day event which was a celebration of anarchist culture, history and (anti)politics. People contributed generously toward funding the activity to the point where there was a surplus of $4,900 left after expenses.

The WOB Finishing Group stated in a letter to us, "In the spirit of mutual aid and a world without borders, we are dividing the money among a number of groups." These include six bookstores, over twenty publications (including the Fifth Estate), and a number of ongoing projects and upcoming conferences. Recipients were world-wide from North America to Scotland to Greece to Israel to India and Hong Kong, as well as other locations.

$1,500 went to the 1991 Americas Anarchist Conference in Mexico about which we have no other information. WOB may be contacted c/o 1369 Haight Street, San Francisco CA 94117, or call (415) 864-4674.

The accusation that they are "anarchists" is being used as an excuse for torturing dissident members of the African National Congress (ANC) according to a report in an article which appeared in the April 26, 1990 *Le Monde Libertaire*, the weekly journal of the French Anarchist Federation.

The article cites information from seven ex-ANC members now living in Kenya who say they were tortured following a failed revolt in "Umkhonto We Sizue," the armed wing of the ANC. The seven were "attached to trees," the article says, "whipped, and then shut inside iron containers which were exposed to the sun. Some were even burned with melted plastic."

"In the space of several years," the article continues, "60 militants of the ANC who were on poor terms with corrupt leaders have perished while they were being tortured. In light of such a scandal, a spokesperson for the accused organization has acknowledged, without a hint of remorse, that "some 'anarchists' who were accused of treason, rebellion and of killing officers" have in effect been imprisoned in ANC camps which were set up in the countries bordering South Africa between 1984 and 1988. Torture, according to the statement above, is justifiable when 'anarchists' are undergoing it."

There are presently 200-300 dissident imprisoned ANC members, the article says.

—MW, Montreal

— Innu People Resist NATO — MILITARY INVADES NATIVE LANDS

Canada is illegally renting out the territory of the Innu people to the NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) countries so that their bombers can practice bombing and surprise attacks. The establishment of a permanent NATO base could be announced soon. [see FE note at end of article]

The Innu people (sometimes called the Montagnais or the Naskapi) refer to their ancestral territories as the *Nitassinan*, literally *our land*, in their native language. The area was never ceded by treaty or otherwise by the original inhabitants. The presence of the Innu in this remote part of the world goes back at least 9,000 years. This area extends from Sept-Iles, to Lac St. Jean, Quebec, to the west; to Fort Cains, Quebec , to the north; and down to St. Augustine, Quebec, and Goose Bay, Labradore, to the east.

The Innu, 10,000 of whom live in the Nitassinan today, form one of the rare North American native peoples who escaped extensive European encroachment untill the middle of the twentieth century. But during the last forty years, "civilizing" power, profit, and racism have been conquering Nitassinan. Rivers are being damned, the forests razed, and the depths of the earth gutted.

The traditional operations of colonization had already gained a stranglehold on the Innu when the conquest suddenly developed the speed of a supersonic, modern militarism.

The military base at Goose Bay was constructed by Canada in 1941 to serve as a stopping-over point for Europe. In 1952, the United States Air Force signed a twenty-year lease with Canada. The Innu were never consulted. The base served as a re-supplying point for American interceptor squadrons. Gradually, first the British and then the Germans began exporting their low-altitude flights to Innu territory. Civilian opposition to such military exercises developed in these countries

From 1981 to 1988, the number of training flights increased from a couple hundred to more than seven thousand a year. They continue to increase. Today Canada permits the British, German and Dutch air forces to perform their exercises over more than 100,000 square kilometers of Nitassinan, an area over three times as large as Belgium. Soon, other bilateral contracts will permit Italian and Belgian war planes to exploit Innu air space.

Caribou (4 ft. high at the shoulder)

Two areas are currently used for bombing practice. Tons of "white bombs" (shells filled with cement , weighing up to 500 kilograms), smoke-producing capsules and laser-guided dummy warheads have been found there. Models of tanks, factories and landing strips are used as targets.

With these low-level flights that barely clear the tree tops, war pilots learn how to skim geographical contours and avoid "enemy" radar. The NATO attack strategies (PFOPA, adapted from the American "first-strike" doctrine, presupposing the destruction of all military-industrial instalations even before the enemy realizes it has been attacked), is based on this expertise. The real as well as the potential application of these techniques during military intervention in the Third World place Nitassinan in the center of a strategic chessboard in which the rich countries of the world try to forceably maintain the global injustice from which they profit. The American bombing of Tripoli was carried out by the type of aircraft, F-111 jets, that have already been sighted at Goose Bay.

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fifth estate

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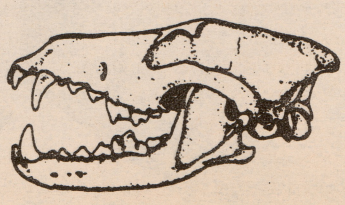

BOMBING WON'T STOP REDWOOD SUMMER

(l.)Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney, victims of an assassin's bomb, playing earlier at a Redwood Summer benefit. (rt.) The car they were driving when the bomb exploded.

In a doubly bizarre set of circumstances, two California environmentalists experienced an assassination attempt followed by their arrest for "possessing" the device that almost killed them.

Judi Bari and Darryl Cherney, members of Earth First!, were victims of a car bombing Thursday, May 24, in Oakland, California. They were en route to Santa Cruz to continue preparations for the "Mississippi Summer in the Redwoods," a planned season of civil disobedience aimed at disrupting logging of old growth forests.

Long-time activists, the pair of Earth First! folksingers had been among the most committed and visible promoters of the summer action intended to be the environmental equivalent of the 1964 voter registration campaign in Mississippi. They worked to focus attention on the threatened thousand-year-old trees on the North Pacific coast. Only five percent or less of original growth forests remain in the lower 48 states of the U.S.

Darryl Cherney cofounded the Garberville chapter of Earth First! in 1986. He was also known for his performances and song writing.

Judi Bari, whose background was union organizing, joined Earth First! two years ago. She had worked as a carpenter, but most recently had organized an Industrial Workers of the World chapter at Georgia Pacific.

Bari was the driving force behind an alliance between Earth First! and local timber workers which created storms of controversy and denunciation in both camps. Many environmentalists were shocked by Bari's and others' repudiation of a well-known EF! tactic, tree spiking.

Tree spiking was originally conceived as a way to prevent cutting in spiked groves. More important than the actual spiking was the notifying of loggers (via letters, posted signs, etc.) that certain areas were spiked and unsafe for logging. It was not anticipated that logging companies would knowingly cut in spiked groves.

When the logging companies began sending their workers to cut down spiked trees, Bari questioned the utility of this tactic. A press release renouncing tree spiking, issued in April by the Northern California Earth First!, reflected Bari's view that "... the real conflict is not between us and the timber workers, it is between the timber corporations and our entire community." Thus, a small but remarkable alliance between radical environmentalists and loggers was catalyzed by Bari.

The May 24th Bombing

Bari and Cherney were driving by the Oakland High School on Park Street when their car exploded.

Later, the Oakland Police bomb squad said it was "a crude device." It was made of two-inch pipe, using an ordinary safety pin to prevent accidental explosion and an alarm clock timer. They said it was an "anti-personnel" device, meaning it was strong enough to destroy flesh and bone, but not large buildings.

Recalling the incident, Cherney said his first thought was that another car had struck them. "But something didn't make sense. I had my seatbelt on and had blood coming down from my head. I heard voices from outside, 'It's a bomb.' Then I realized someone tried to kill us."

It had been placed on the floor behind the driver's seat where Judi Bari sat. It fractured her pelvis, damaged her abdomenal organs, and destroyed the soft tissues in between. She also sustained facial lacerations. She required emergency surgery and several days of intensive care.

Bari was barely conscious the night of the blast when she was placed under house arrest at Highland hospital.

Cherney, who was sitting in the passenger seat, suffered a head laceraction and an abrasion to the cornea of one eye as well as perforated ear drums and hearing loss. That night, after release from the hospital, he was taken to Oakland city jail where he was interrogated by police and the FBI. He was held over 24 hours without access to legal counsel.

Both Bari and Cherney were charged with possession and transportation of explosives.

Cherney and Bari had attended the Bay area meeting with members of the Seeds of Peace collective, another group actively preparing for Redwood Summer. Without a search warrant, the police cordoned off two of their residences and entered. Eight collective members were handcuffed, searched and taken into custody.

After their release, the Seeds found their home ransacked. One member stated, "The contents of entire rooms were piled up in the middle of the floor. Let's put it this way: the earthquake last year did not do as much damage as the bomb squad." Files and notebooks were missing. When police left, every door in the house was left open. Cherney's van, parked by the Seed's residences, was also searched. Police took two boxes and exploded them in the street. Hundreds of feet of cassette recording tape were left hanging down nearby utility poles.

Later, on the north coast of California, friends prevented authorities from searching Bari's and Cherney's homes without warrants. Explosives were not found in any of the searches. The most suspicious evidence obtained consisted of several rolls of duct tape and a sack of finishing nails.

Policeman Mike Sims kept the media informed on their "investigation": "The evidence is strong that they were transporting the device. We're *assuming* the bomb was placed in the car by the occupants." (emphasis added)

Sims was on somewhat firmer ground when he later told reporters "We're making the assumption that if the bomb was built, it was meant to be used."

In essence, there was no investigation. As far as the police were concerned, the victims were "obviously" the guilty parties. The police found themselves with the opportunity to search the Seeds of Peace collective without a warrant and to arrest some activists.

If Bari and Cherney's guilt was "obvious" to the police, their innocence seemed equally obvious to themselves and scores of people who knew them. Cherney stated, "I'm innocent. I'm scared to death of explosives. I've never even lit a firecracker in my life." Bari has likewise consistently denied any knowledge of the bomb and all involvement with violent activities.

Bari's attorney, Susan Jordon said, "This is clearly attempted murder by someone who did not want them to do nonviolent protest in the Redwoods this summer. This charge is insane. There's a person out there who attempted murder. Why aren't they looking for that person?"

Indeed, there appears to be no one personally acquainted with the pair who finds any credibility in the police assertion that the bomb belonged to Bari and Charney. During the entire four days and nights that Cherney was held in jail, a vigil of supporters waited outside on the street. Immediately after the bombing, many groups declared their support for Bari, Cherney and Redwood Summer.

Another Assassination Attempt

The lack of evidence linking the couple to the bomb, and the testimonials by acquaintances were not enough to cause the police and FBI investigators to question the source of the bomb. Nor were the many and varied death threats that Bari and Cherney had received in the last year.

Things had started getting rough last summer when a logging truck rammed Bari's car. Inside the car were

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Support Redwood Summer

Redwood Summer actions are starting now to defend the last of the old growth forests in the Northwest. Major actions are scheduled for June 20 at the export dock of the Louisiana Georgia lumber company near Eureka, Calif; July 21 at the Georgia Pacific lumber company in Ft. Bragg; July 30 in the Sequoia National Forest in Southern California; and a concert—"Redwood-stock"—on a date to be announced. nouced.

Smaller actions will occur throughout the summer. Those interested in participating may write for an information packet at: SF EF!, POB 411233, San Francisco CA 94141 or call 415/824-3841.

Donations to support the summer activities and for medical and legal expenses are desparately needed. Please send them to Redwood Summer, Sonoma County EF!, c/o Pam Davis, POB 7544, Santa Rosa CA 95407. Make checks payable to Redwood Summer.

ATTENTION PRISONERS!

Throughout our 25-year history, this newspaper has maintained a policy of offering free subscriptions, through a special fund provided by our readers, to those held captive by the political state—prisoners and GIs. This is not done as an act of charity or social work, but as an expression of solidarity with those suffering in two of class society's most authoritarian and key institutions—prison and the armed forces.

However, as of this issue, we find the finances of our fund are being severely strained. A large influx of prisoner requests have come in as a result of the Fifth Estate being listed in several prison resource publications as giving free subs to those incarcerated. While we welcome new prisoner subscribers, we are concerned that most of the recent requests come from those who are not familiar with the paper, but only saw the listing.

Given our limited resources, we ask prisoners who are receiving their first copy to review and decide whether you would like to receive it regularly. Remember, this is a sample only and you must write again if you wish to become a subscriber.

Finally, we unfortunately are unable to assist prisoners with legal matters or run personal ads.

NOTE TO READERS

Given the increased prisoner requests, we ask that readers on the outside consider contributing to our prisoner/GI fund in order to keep this program financially viable. Our subscription and renewal forms contain a box which allows a contribution of an extra dollar to the fund. Thank you.

Also, prisoners and other readers may be interested in an excellent journal we receive: Prison News Service, POB 5052, Stn. A, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Free to prisoners; donation from others.

DETROIT SEEN

According to our staff box, this newspaper is officially a quarterly, but in reality, we have become an "episodic," coming out between or in conjunction with our political, cultural and environmental projects. It has been common practice in this space to offer explanations for our long printing delays and infrequent publishing schedule which is now about three issues a year. That is contrasted to twenty years ago when the Fifth Estate appeared weekly. It is perhaps time to formally declare that three-four times a year will be it for a while and devote this column to matters other than apologia.

As usual, our thanks to those who have made donations, renewed their subscriptions and ordered books. It is solely these efforts which allow us to concentrate on publishing a newspaper and not constant fundraising. Though many anarchist papers have an admirable practice of publishing the names or initials of supporters, we have always been too scattered in our office procedures to do similarly. However, each donation or extra contribution with a subscription is noted by at least a portion of our staff and the recognition exists of the generosity of our readers.

As of this issue we are raising our cover price to $1.50 due to rapidly increased costs in printing and mailing. One disadvantage of publishing so infrequently is that many of our costs remain constant while our income drops off considerably. We're not pulling the panic lever, but we ask that readers continue their support by adding extra donations when re-subscribing and doing so promptly so as not to require mailing a second reminder. We have several benefits planned for the summer which should lessen the cash squeeze.

The Fall Fifth Estate will be our 25th Anniversary issue and will contain a retrospective on a quarter century of radical publishing and reprints from past issues, particularly from the '60s.

Can we do another 25 years? How is this for a better idea? Let's have a revolution, get rid of all the printing presses, and all go camping.

The center eight pages of this issue were published separately in early April as an Earth Day "intervention" with a press run of 6,000. The idea for the special was generated as it became clear that the official Earth Day activities were at best going to be a dismal, liberal spectacle that announced a "concern" for the environment, or at worst, direct buy-off by corporate polluters and their apologists in government. The reception our efforts received was excellent, so much so that it left us wondering why it isn't the liberal environmental movement which is in the minority rather than the more radical one.

A reader who had been a distributor of the Fifth Estate recently sent us a bunch of back issues which he was considering discarding. Gratefully, he wrote us first and we arranged to take them for our archives. Please, anyone with back issues of any quantity, particularly from the '70s and early '80s, send them back to us. As it is, numerous issues from that era are no longer available, so receiving the above-mentioned shipment was like finding buried treasure. We'll cover postage or extend your subscription to cover mailing costs.

The March 1977 Fifth Estate contained a story which began, "The law suit seeking to stop Detroit and State Police political spy units and open up secret police files may be drawing to its final stages." Although the State files were released in 1984 to those who were spied upon, final authority to proceed with release of the Detroit red squad files was just granted in April 1990.

The Detroit unit spied on more than a million people from the 1940s to the mid-1970s and that information is now available to those who were the subjects of the illegal investigations. Targets included not only radicals, but labor, peace, arts, civil rights and consumer groups. Both individuals and organizations are eligible to receive their files, including defunct groups and the estates or heirs of deceased persons.

The release is being coordinated through a special project independent of the police as mandated by the court settlement and is staffed by people sympathetic to basic civil liberties. All inquiries are confidential and applications for release are available from The Distribution Compliance Program, 800 Palms Building, 2111 Woodward Ave., Detroit MI 48201; phone: (313) 961-7010.

FE BENEFIT

San Francisco's Sabot will join the Blanks and Blame Mother bands in a special benefit for the Fifth Estate when they come to Detroit, Friday, July 6 (to pay for the new fleet of FE limousines). No, really, if you're in town that night, around 9 pm, come to the Art Center Music School Cass at W. Alexandrine, to rock for a good cause. No, none of the bands will be doing your favorite oldies. . .

As our subscriber rolls increase, we have received several inquiries into the meaning and origins of the Fifth Estate's rather ungraceful and oblique name. The tale is a sad, short one and easily told. The paper was founded in 1965 by a 17-year-old student who had previously published a number of fanzines in the early '60s and who worked for a summer in 1964 on the grandfather of what was then called the "underground press"—the L.A. Free Press. While in Los Angeles, our founder frequented a Sunset Strip coffeehouse (also a popular '60s item) named The Fifth Estate.

But the name connotes more than that which is why it has been appropriated by other media ventures—a Washington-based muckraking magaine of a few years ago and a Canadian TV series. The term "estate" harkens back to the era of the French Revolution when society was declared as being divided into the three estates of the royality, clergy and common people. By the 1920's, the power of the U.S. press was so formidable that it could make and break politicians, foster wars, create drug hysteria, etc, and so was dubbed the "Fourth Estate" by some wag. So, the fifth is one up on the fourth. Dumb, huh?

Well, that's what we've been saddled with for the last 25 years, a name that connotes power and invokes the abstraction of number. Fortunately, it has evolved into an imprecise, rather meaningless name, but, oh, that we could change it. Too bad *Anarchy* is already taken. Any suggestions for a new one?

Riot Cops Keep Wall Street Open

On Monday, April 23, almost 2000 demonstrators converged on New York's Wall street and attempted to close this bastion of capitalism. Over 200 were arrested in the action which brought together a coalition of 60 or so groups.

At dawn demonstrators blockaded the entrances to Wall Street but were broken up by a massive show of riot police.

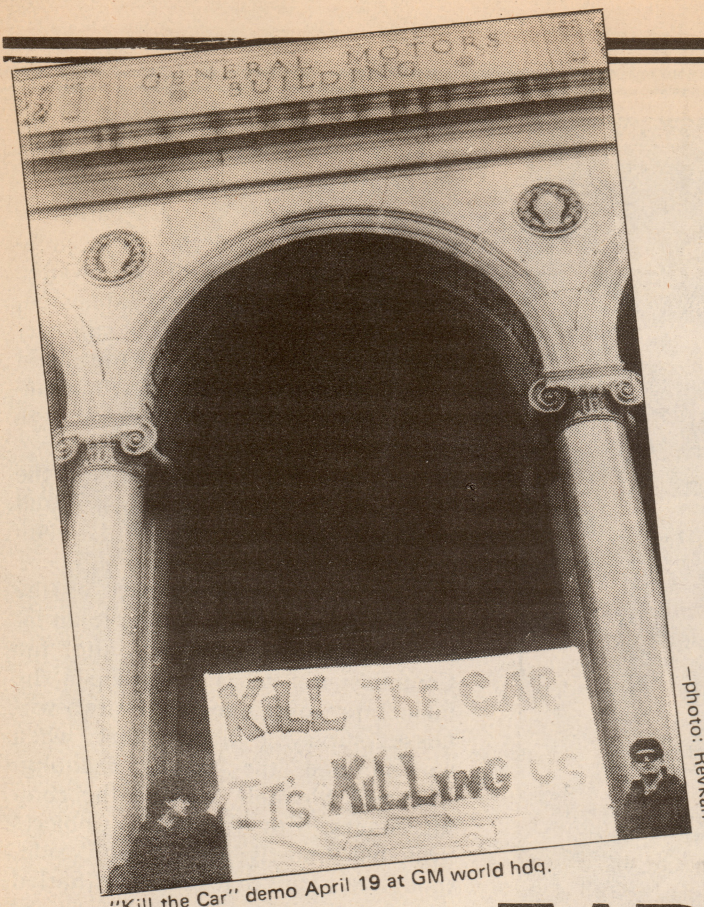
One blockade held while others in mobile affinity groups turned over trashcans and attempted to disrupt business as usual. At least two civilians were injured by the police; none seriously. More protesters would have been arrested, but many escaped being taken to jail as other demonstrators freed them from the authorities -- a practice known as an "un-arrest". Most of the charges were dropped the next day.

After the blockade many people joined in an illegal spontaneous march through the streets. One of the organizers of that demo was jumped by five policemen and wrestled to the ground. He was charged with felonious assault, but that charge was also dropped.

One of the organizers of the Wall Street Action Committee said that armed police were everywhere due to the fact that the event was planned many months in advance and that the organizing committee was quite open with their plans. She said this was not the case in San Francisco as organizers there only planned the event three weeks prior to the action.

In San Francisco, 49 people were arrested at the financial district where the demonstration turned more violent when protesters smashed windows in the Bank of America and pelted police with stones, golf balls, and rotten eggs.

—from *The Current*, published by Big River Earth First! (BREF!). Write them at POB 189, Pacific MO 63069.



"Kill the Car" demo April 19 at GM world hdq. —photo: Revkah

600 people led by a New Orleans-style jazz band funeral marched to the Detroit Incinerator April 21. Photo/Manuel Santos

EARTH DAY ACTION

Death of the Car

In a rite of spring, a festive gathering of zeks celebrated the biosphere—that fine layer of rust that covers the earth which gives and supports life. This rite was bizarre because it wasn't happening around the wild fruit trees or among the paw and hoof prints of the wolf, brown bear and white-tailed deer, but in the land which did once support these sisters but now is transformed into the great Babylonian city of Detroit. It was also bizarre for it was a rite of de-structuring of this city's greatest idol, its golden calf of black hooves which travels at incredible speeds. It was the rite called "Death of the Car."

The celebrants searched for a sacrificial lamb to "bash," but the elusive auto beast was never secured mainly because of the incompetence of the zeks in finding their victim. But it was all for the best, for they laughed at themselves and were aware that they didn't function like a well-oiled machine as did their intended sacrifice.

This rabble, with much noise from the banging of instruments, moved into the artificial canyon formed by the gigantic ziggurats of GM and Fisher, the former being the creative spirit of the celebrants' lost victim. These ziggurats were covered with many glass eyes, behind some of which were "showcases" of brand new golden calves. They were given extraordinary care, kept warm in winter and cooled in summer while cop-bots protected them all the whole year (as opposed to the zeks called "homeless").

Even though a car was not killed, a eulogy was read for one by a celebrant:

Only within a system that places no value on human life, that does not understand the value except in dollars and cents would this intolerable situation continue. It is not possible under capitalism to have a bioregional, community-based, decentralized and human-scale society. It is not possible to live in harmony with each other and the Earth under a system that demands competition and exploitation. We must distrust the realism that has given us the nuclear bomb, pollution and class society. We must trust our imagination and our utopian dream as necessary for our survival.

After the eulogy, icons of exchange bearing the eye-in-the-pyramid were burned much to the amazement of the cop-bots looking on. Also, the symbol of life, the egg, was thrown at the GM ziggurat in hopes of bringing it down.

Finally, the celebrants broke into the sacred temple of GM uttering the holy chant, "LESGOSHOPPING!" This action activated the cop-bots to commence their pre-recorded message: "Not Allowed . . . Not Allowed . . . Not Allowed . . ." which in turn encouraged the rabble to bring out other icons of exchange bearing symbols of lincoln and jackson, hoping to confuse the guards with a different pre-recorded stimulus. This only activated a slightly more intelligent cop-bot to pronounce "private property . . . must leave, must leave."

* * *

The executives of GM have assured the public that this incident will not reoccur, for they said, "We are speeding up the assembly lines so the workers will have tools in their hands from now on instead of idle time."

—Eddie Sabot

Minneapolis Incinerator Blockade

On April 23, four hundred people converged on downtown Minneapolis to demand that the Hennepin County garbage incinerator be closed. With chants of "shut it down" and "reduce, reuse, recycle, revolt," people blockaded the entrance to the $108 million burner, and tied up rush-hour traffic.

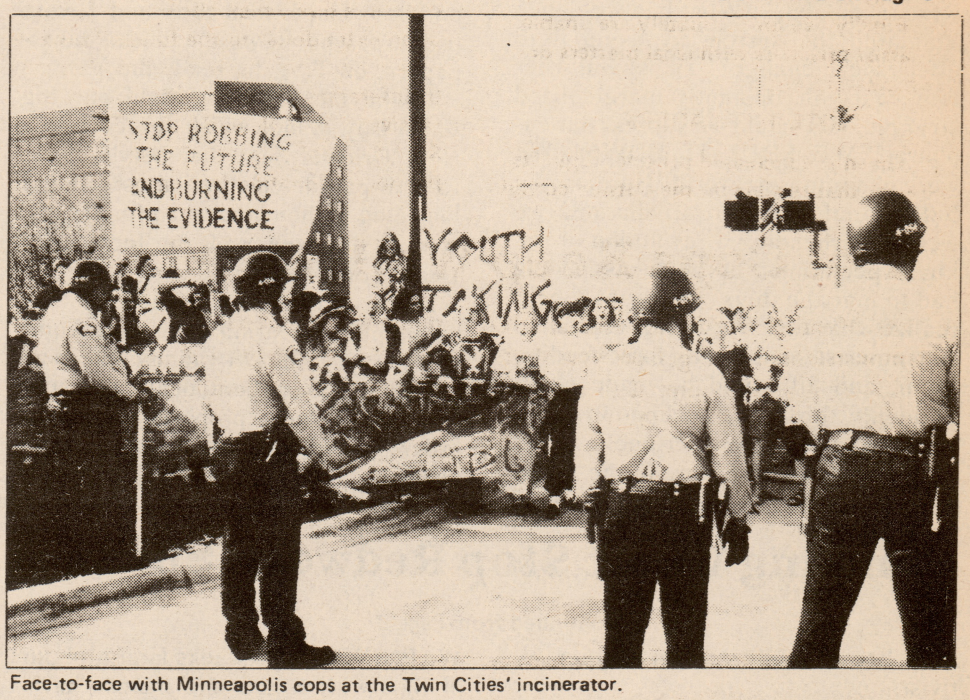
Police began arresting perceived leaders of the gathering, attacking with riot sticks and strangle holds. One group of wimmin engaging in a dis-arrest had a gun pulled on them by a cop. Tense moments were smoothed out by drumming and dancing as the entrance-way was occupied by people demanding recycling, and an end to the carcinogenic processing of waste.

When the gathering began moving toward the center of the business district, police maced and clubbed anyone they claimed they saw spraypainting, speaking or protecting each other from arrest. No one sustained serious injuries, but police claimed they and pedestrians were hit by rocks. A total of 26 people were arrested.

At the beginning of the march a womyn from the Greens spoke to the crowd about incineration and its effects. Larry Cloud Morgan burned sage and spoke of respect for the earth, and the generations to come. Two members of the Revolutionary Anarchist Bowling League also spoke, encouraging the crowd to take inspiration from actions that have taken place around the world in the past year.

This demonstration was also organized by Tornado Warning, a wimmin's anti-authoritarian group, which was often at the front of the action, and received the brunt of the police violence.

—Kate Cerridwen



Face-to-face with Minneapolis cops at the Twin Cities' incinerator.

YIKES! WE SHUT IT DOWN! Detroit Burner Closes Temporarily

Sometimes we have arguments about whether it is appropriate for anarchist-types to be participating in officially sanctioned political events with double-speak names like "public hearing" held before bogus, paid-off boards with Ministry of Truth names like "Michigan Air Pollution Control Commission." Like the one held April 17th to validate a backroom deal between the City of Detroit and the Department of Natural Resources (DNR) called a "consent order," made to allow the Detroit trash incinerator to keep burning even though they couldn't come up with a test result that didn't grossly violate emissions standards—standards which consider 79 deaths per million residents an acceptable risk.

But let's not get into that now, Okay?

Some of us like to think of these public hearing as among other things forums in which to communicate our lesser heard perspectives to counter and, dig it, deconstruct the official line. Some of us were getting real pro-

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Continued from Page 5

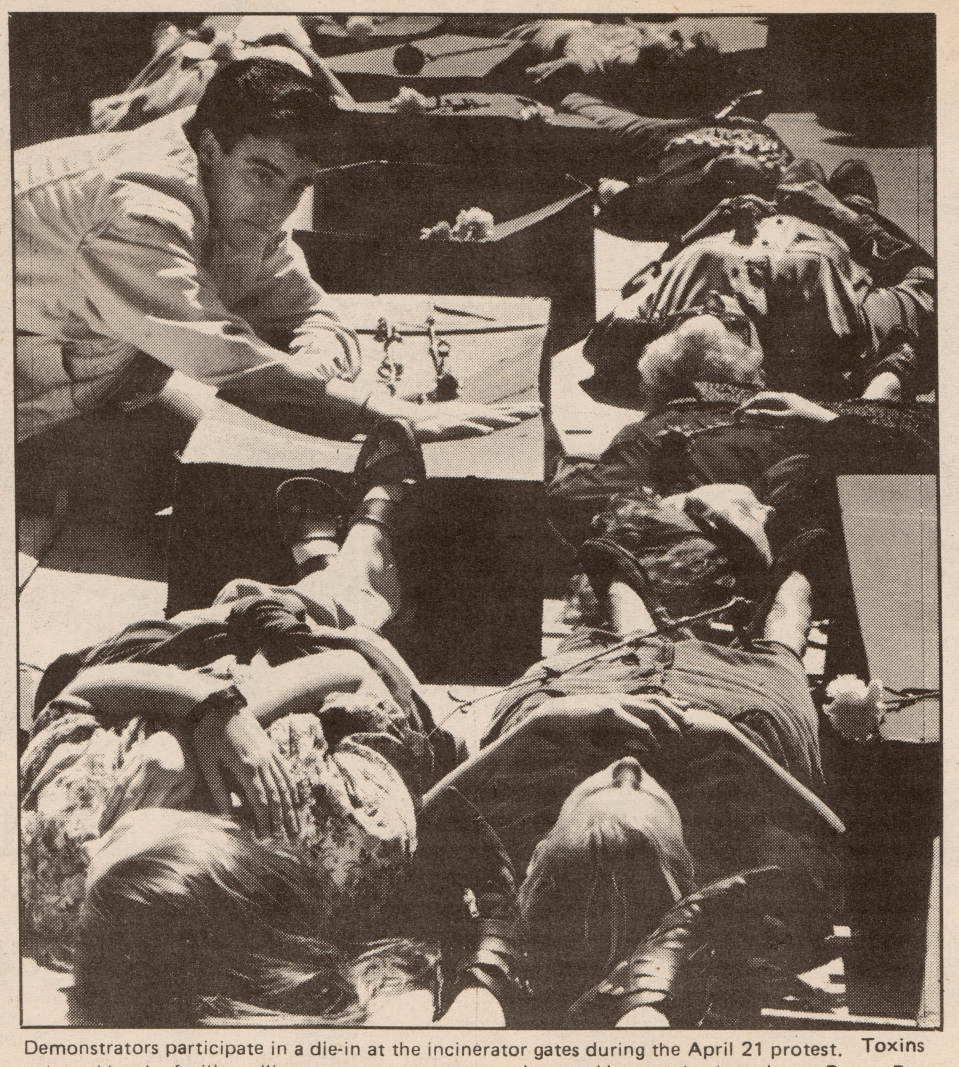
ficient at voicing our opinions at the mike, even eloquent, inspiring. Some tending toward the deeply philosophical, others honing skills in political expose, brandishing pointed fingers at the money-power hungry earth-killers with specific charges of lying and corruption; some attacking sociologically, with accusations of environmental racism, some offering poetic visions of a renewed world, that even the Commission folks could be a part of, if they'd only quit their jobs. I mean the miraculous diversity of the creative human voice! Is this beautiful or what?! You should'a been there when I told them about my rash.

Anyway, there we were. It was 6:30 p.m., April 17th. We weren't sure the Commission was listening anymore or ever had been, busy, as they were, munching chips and passing the coke can. We were hungry, tired, cranky, often waiting through testimony of people we didn't know, didn't really want to know and didn't agree with, for the Commission to do what was expected and vote to accept the DNR order.

Now, maybe it was the impressive testimony of our sympathetic experts, so fluent in the language of science, or maybe our deafening chants of "Shut it down," and persistent heckling throughout the vote had an effect.

Possibly it happened because the Earth Day hype was reaching crescendo pitch, or maybe some of the commissioners just hadn't heard the motion right; but imagine our surprise when, on the grounds that the mercury emissions wouldn't be effectively lowered by the phony measures listed in the shamboodie consent order, the commission voted 6-5 to shut the incinerator down.

I'm not exaggerating when I say we were taken aback. What had we done? Validated the system by using it to effect social change?! Yikes! But after four years of constantly marginalized struggle, how could we supress our euphoria? WE SHUT IT DOWN! We were changing the world! Here, in the butthole of Western Civiliation, we were spearheading a revolution of rising expectations! As soon as people had to manage their own trash, they'd realize what toxic waste this capitalist-consumerist society was force-feeding them, and all would be made clear. Suddenly the entire techno-industrial complex would come crumbling and tumbling down. We were in the newspapers! We were on T.V.!



Demonstrators participate in a die-in at the incinerator gates during the April 21 protest. Toxins released by the facility will cause as many as twenty thousand human deaths. photo: Buster Brown

But we're not stupid. We knew it would be a matter of days, hours, before another backroom deal would be made between the City and the DNR to keep the most expensive investment project in Detroit history burning. (After all, the mayor was having a fit. He said he thought he and the commission folks had a deal, an "agreement." He said, "Somebody double-crossed somebody and I want to know who it was." In the newspapers, on T.V., he really did.)

In the meantime we held our big Earth Day demo, which turned into a New Orleans jazz band-style-mock-funeral-parade-celebration escorting a long line of homemade coffins representing the winners of the Incinerator Death Lotto.

So two weeks later, when another bogus public hearing before the Commission was held to validate the new emergency backroom deal, we were ready. This new proposed "consent order" used double-plus-good-duck-speak to authorize, basically, the incinerator's resumption of contaminating earth air and water on the condition that the incinerator authority, over a span of 7 (count 'em, seven) years, make a series of token, futile attempts to lower emissions (which, of course, even if successful, would only increase levels of toxic ash to be landfilled and leached into ground water, but that's beside the point), after which time, if the incinerator still failed its tests, another backroom deal would be negotiated.

We rounded up the experts again, readied our own personal presentations, smuggled in what signs, banners and coffins we could, and put on the definitive, comprehensive, multi-dimensional, anti-incinerator-cum-anti-production-consumption-based-techno-industrial society performance.

Throughout 14 grueling hours, one-by-one, we demanded, admonished, accused, reasoned, explained, exposed, shouted and sang. Finally, at 12:30 a.m., after a young friend was pushed down the aisle to the mike, impersonating a 75-year-old ex-Air Pollution Control Commissioner suffering from asthma and bleeding bowels, testifying his remorse at a bad decision he'd made 25 years earlier to grant an operating permit to the infamous Detroit incinerator, we awaited the Commission's vote, exhausted, starving, bored, anxious, but still ever hopeful an unlikely seed of life might open in the wasteland of their bureaucratic hearts. Hopeful even though only two of the commissioners represented the "general public" and the other nine represented industry and local government. Hopeful, even though Earth Day was over.

Now, one positive aspect of the whole affair is that according to an informal poll conducted soon after the Commission's 9-2 vote to reopen the incinerator, only one, maybe two witnesses surveyed thought that, when we stormed the stage, chanting, "Shame! Shame!" pelting the commissioners with the closest objects available (mostly on the soft side, though it's true that one of us hurled Channel 4's mike at a particularly insidious commissioner), we were being unnecessarily rude. Most witnesses, whether they call themselves anarchists or not, thought we were being **necessarily** rude and inclined themselves to join in. So, maybe the world is changing around us, whether we're changing it or not.

Guilty, as some of us are, of unreasonable optimism, like I said before, we're not stupid. We were prepared for the inevitable. And to prove it, a contingent had left the hearing early and awaited the rest of us with signs, banners, tents and sleeping bags set up, and provisions for an immediate protest and all-night vigil along the brick and barbed wire wall of the incinerator, its loudspeakers echoing instructions to entering workers, and heavy trucks rumbling all night long.

In the early morning we met a shift of workers with a mobile blockade of bodies and banners at the various gates. Scuffles with police included one in which a large, armed cop holding an unarmed woman protester in a double-fisted grip, shaking, accused her of trying to intimidate him. She isn't even a witch, as far as she knows. Another cop asked where he could recycle.

Soon after, we huddled for a consensus to go home unarrested, think on these strange occurrences, sleep, and muster strength, hope and a sense of humor for the ongoing struggle.

—Mary Wildwood

Bombing Won't Stop Redwood Summer

Continued from Page 3

Bari, her two children and another activist.

The police characterized it as "a typical traffic accident." Bari described how her car was hit "with no warning whatsoever: there was no squeal of the brakes, nothing. We were hit full force by a logging truck." A photo taken the day before shows the same truck unable to pass an EF! blockade in which Bari had participated.

On April 10, Bari received a letter stating, "Get out and go back where you came from. We know everything. YOU WON'T GET A SECOND WARNING." Two weeks later a photo of Bari with a gun site's cross hairs drawn on her head was pinned to the door of the Environmental Center at Ukiah. When Bari reported the incidents to the Mendocino County sheriff's office, she was told, "We don't have the manpower to investigate death threats like this. If you turn up dead, we'll investigate." The sheriff remains true to his word; no investigation has been started.

It seems that we must either consider a conspiracy theory, or be willing to believe that the authorities are very, very stupid. Both explanations have some merit. Adding even further to the confusion is a letter received on May 30 by the Santa Rosa *Press Democrat*. The three-page single-spaced typed document details the structure of the bomb. It opened by saying, "I built with these hands the bomb that I placed in the car of Judi Bari. . . .Now all who would come to the forest and worship the trees like gilded idols have been Warned. They see the fate that awaits them." The letter's author wanted to "strike down" Bari after encountering her at an Operation Rescue anti-abortion counter-picket.

Many local activists believe the letter to be another fraud. The FBI called it "interesting evidence."

We may very well never know who tried to kill Cherney and Bari.

Judi Bari Still Hospitalized

Judi Bari remains under guard at Highland Hospital. If her pelvis heals well, she will require around six weeks of traction. She is still heavily medicated because of constant severe pain. She has no feeling in part of her leg and it is unknown if this will be permanent. She will have to undergo many more months of hospitalization and rehabilitation before it will be known if she will ever walk again.

In an interview on June 4th from her hospital bed, Bari appealed, "I hope people don't lose sight on what this is really about. It isn't about Judi Bari. It's about the state of the forests and the communities that are dependent on them."

—Luba

50 Years After Her Death:

Emma Goldman: An Appreciation

by DAVID PORTER

Emma Goldman (June 27, 1869—May 14, 1940) was known as "the most dangerous woman in America" by the press in such articles as those to the right which chronicled a visit by her to Windsor, Ontario, across the border from Detroit, in 1939. She certainly was this country's most famous anarchist in the early years of this century.

David Porter, author of *Vision On Fire: Emma Goldman on the Spanish Revolution* and a frequent contributor to this paper, examines her life and contributions within the context in which she flourished—the building of an anarchist movement which would overthrow capitalism and the state and create in its place a society of cooperation and peace.

The quotes from Emma are preceded by her image and are attributed in footnotes at the conclusion.

THE DETROIT NEWS

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1939.

Anarchist Then—and Now

Emma Goldman in Windsor, Keeps Faith

By RUSSELL BARNES

A short, stout woman in a brown silk dress, bobbed grey hair and thick glasses, sat in an upstairs bedroom of a tourists' home in Windsor, and as she rocked back and forth in her chair, in beautifully-chosen words, blasted communism, fascism, democracy and capitalism.

She was Emma Goldman, once known as "the most dangerous woman in America," who was deported in 1919 to Russia, along with 247 other alleged revolutionaries. She arrived last month in Canada on a British passport to lecture, and will speak at 8:30 o'clock tonight at Dom Polski, Langlois and Ottawa streets, Windsor, on "Who Betrayed Spain?"

Considering her 70 years, grandmotherly demeanor, and the circumstances of an upstairs tourist bedroom, by all story-book maxims this should have been an Emma Goldman broken in spirit, repentant of a misused life, eating her heart out to cross the river to the America represented by the lighted towers of Detroit, visible through the branches of the elm trees outside.

Emma Goldman, 70, Holds Fast to Anarchy

"The most dangerous woman in the world," now 70 years old, today is in a small tourist home in Windsor, still hopeful that the world will reach the state of anarchy she has been seeking for the last 50 years.

Emma Goldman has despaired of communism. She despises fascism and has no faith in democracy. She is anti-everything except anarchism.

MISS EMMA GOLDMAN

Red and Nazi Bosses Just 'Crooks' to Emma

Anarchist Goldman Is Convinced Hitler And Stalin to Share Spoils

Articles are from the Detroit *Times*, Detroit *News*, and the Windsor *Star*.

I

Every generation produces certain individuals whose vitality and clarity of words and actions reawaken among others an intense passion for growth and fulfillment. Such individuals help articulate and sustain the vision of freedom. Emma Goldman was such a person. Throughout her dramatic life, Goldman's defiant words and actions powerfully reminded her own and later generations of the vast potentials of human existence. Because of the strength of her own visceral liberatory impulse, the biographical contexts in which that impulse showed itself, and her subsequent efforts to comprehend the implications of her own and others' experience, Emma Goldman became one of the most prominent articulators and symbols of a whole era's thirst for freedom.

II

"All claims of education notwithstanding, the pupil will accept only that which his mind craves. Already this truth is recognized by most modern educators in relation to the immature mind. I think it is equally true regarding the adult. Anarchists or revolutionists can no more be made than musicians. All that can be done is to plant the seeds of thought. Whether something vital will develop depends largely on the fertility of the human soil, though the quality of the intellectual seed must not be overlooked.[1]

Why do I lecture? Why do I travel through Canada? Why do I travel through those countries that will admit me?

Because people are so burdened with their worries and troubles that they have no time to think of action to remedy them. I, and others with me, merely awaken them. We do not force any violent change upon them. The change must come from the soil and needs of the country.

That is what happened in Spain at the time of the revolution. That was merely a bursting of forces that had accumulated.

My definition of revolution is nothing else but the bursting point of the accumulated evolutionary forces that have preceded it."[2]

Goldman spoke to the needs and consciousness of millions who found inspiration from her words and an example for their own lives. The "political success" of an anarchist speaker or writer is in **reminding** others of their own fundamental aspirations to freedom, to fulfill their own potentials—both in their individual lives and as members of a community. The cyclical popularity of Goldman in the U.S. from the 1890s to the present provides a historical commentary on the culture. One can observe the openness to anarchist critiques and vision from one generation to another. Thus, the "legend" of Emma Goldman refers both to her own strengths of insight and articulation as well as to the cultural contexts receptive to an anarchist perspective (in the U.S. from the mid-1890s to World War I, and in Spain in the 1930s).

III

More successfully than any other figure in U.S. history, Emma Goldman communicated an anarchist vision to a broad audience of immigrants and native-born, middle class and workers. Goldman's vivid imagery, critiques and perspective successfully related issues like birth control, free speech, the emancipation of women, freedom for Cuba, workers' struggles, sexual freedom, militarism and free schools to a broader quest for freedom. When she later embraced the mass-based Russian revolution (not the Bolshevik coup) and especially the social revolution in Spain, her enthusiasm was the natural outcome of such diverse commitments.

IV

The energy Emma Goldman herself derived from speaking to large and diverse audiences was paid for in personal terms by the weariness of the road and constant harassment by police and other right-wing elements. By her early twenties, Goldman was aware of her astonishing public abilities, as well as the personal cost attached to their use. Yet from the bedrock of her instinctive and intellectual commitment to personal and social liberation, Emma Goldman defiantly carried on for her whole life—returning again and again to her public role as propagator of anarchism. Periods of self-questioning, attacks from some of her own comrades and the grief of personal tragedy or despair at developments in the broader world did not deter her. If the validity of the anarchist critique in the years of Goldman's activism was apparent, it was nevertheless a struggle—then as today—to sustain hope that individual lives, communities and whole societies could move significantly in the direction suggested by the anarchist vision. Despite recent biographers' emphasis on Goldman's anxieties, loneliness, despair, broodiness and doubts (of which she herself provided abundant evidence in her autobiography and private letters), it is clear that Goldman retained her deep commitment during such times of questioning and emotional distress. Again and again, she emerged as the defiant and articulate activist the public had come to know.

"Something I have been thinking about very deeply since the May events in Spain. It is whether we Anarchists have not taken the wish for the thought. Whether we have not been too optimistic in our belief that Anarchism had taken root in the masses. The war, the Revolution in Russia and Spain, and the utter failure of the masses to stand up against the annihilation in all countries of every vestige of liberty have convinced me that Anarchism . . .has not penetrated the minds and hearts of even a substantial minority, let alone the compact mass. Actually, there is no Anarchist movement anywhere in the world. What we have got is so insignificant, so piffling, it is ridiculous to speak of an Anarchist organized movement. In other words, everywhere the soil for our ideas has proven sterile. In Spain alone has the ground been fertile. But even in Spain the harvest is still small. In our enthusiasm we forgot the natural forces the young, tender plants will be subjected to, the storm and stress, the drought and winds. We admit all this in nature. But we were not willing to admit the forces that beset the social growth. My dears, my dears, think of it, in a country in the grips of feudalism and the Church almost to the moment of July 19th we Anarchists imagined our ideas can be realized in one jump, rise from the depths of enslavement and degradation to the very heights of fulfillment, come to full fruition from the hard rocks of the past in Spain. It was our mistake and we are now paying for it in the agony of our bitter disappointment.

. . . Anarchism is still very much ahead of its time. And I am convinced it will take more than one revolution before our ideas will come to full growth. Until then the steps will be feeble, our ideas no doubt [will] fall from the heights many times and many will be the mistakes our comrades are bound to make.

Does that mean that I have lost faith in Anarchism, or that I think we ought to sit hands folded? Of course not. In point of truth I think now more than ever we must strain every nerve to bring our ideas before the world. Now more than ever, because we have the living proof for our claims that nothing can be gained from any association with governments or political parties. Now we also have the living proof that it is possible to build amidst destruction, amidst war and revolution, that the Anarchists have been the only ones to begin such gigantic work. However the Spanish revolution will end it has already given us marvelous material to

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— TWENTY YEARS LATER —

State Murder of a Black Panther

Without much fanfare, another of those 20th anniversaries of the 1960s passed by recently. At 4:45 a.m. on December 4, 1969, a detail of fourteen Chicago and Illinois State's Attorney's police raided a modest apartment in the all-black near West Side ghetto, a crash pad for Black Panther Party (BPP) members.

The raiders were acting on information supplied by the FBI. Having failed in provoking street gangs to rub out Chicago Panther leader Fred Hampton, they intended to do the job themselves. They took no chances.

An FBI operative supplied the information used to obtain the search warrant and drugged Hampton into unconsciousness a few hours before the attack. Hampton and Mark Clark were killed in the fusillade of police bullets. Four of the seven other Panthers present that night suffered multiple gunshot wounds. The survivors, including a pregnant woman, were beaten by the police.

Obviously an anti-authoritarian critique doesn't hold much place for the top-down purge discipline and party-determined political line that characterized the BPP, yet one can find inspiration in the courage of denying the legitimacy of an occupying police force, organizing food and medical programs within the community independent of the system, and risking death in struggle against the state.

The Panthers were well aware of the heat they were drawing to themselves. Fred Hampton was only 21 when he was shot in his bed. Considering the ferocious way this execution was carried out, the armed self-defense they advocated may have been his only slim chance to survive the state killing apparatus sent after him.

On the West Side

During a recent layover at the train station in Chicago, I decided to take a walk out West Monroe Street in search of #2337, the apartment where Fred Hampton was killed. As I journeyed out from under the skyscrapers, West Monroe became businesses and older warehouses. They were bricked and boarded, but still turning out profits.

Then I passed through more open areas where whole blocks had been removed. Was it riot damage? Urban "renewal"? After passing many aging two-storey duplexes, I arrived at the 2300 block.

I walked slowly to be able to make out the faded numbers and suddenly I was upon it: 2337/2339 West Monroe, a deserted duplex on the south side of the street. Few of the homes on West Monroe were abandoned; was this some kind of hangout/shrine of the homeless or curious? The only footprints in the snow on the rotting front steps belonged to dogs.

The door was partially open, so I stepped inside. Plastic bags, a broken Night Train wine bottle, and other debris of those passing through littered the small anteroom. Being a stranger in a strange neighborhood, I deferred further exploration—maybe someone lived inside and would not appreciate my dropping by without an appointment. I found out later the only occupants are wild dogs.

I walked around back and tried to picture the events I had read about taking place right where I was standing. I could imagine hushed cops skulking through the yards, creeping up like bandits in the night to the back windows.

FBI Infiltration

The FBI had infiltrated the core of the Illinois BPP chapter. William O'Neal, head of local Panther security, was also an operative reporting to Special Agent Roy Mitchell of the Chicago FBI's Racial Matters Squad. On November 19, 1969, Agent Mitchell drew a plan of the first floor apartment based on a description provided by operative O'Neal.

This sketch, which was made available to the raiding officers, clearly labelled the back corner bedroom Hampton slept in. It also pinpointed the location of the bed he shared with Deborah Johnson, then eight months pregnant with their child. Of the approximately 200 rounds fired by the police that morning, almost all had trajectories leading towards this bedroom and an adjacent one where five other Panthers usually slept.

Meeting a Neighbor

As I wandered back around front, lost in thought, I saw someone about my own age in the window of the house next door, watching me. I gave a friendly wave, pointed to Hampton's apartment, and threw power with an upraised fist.

He quickly came out the front door and down to the sidewalk. His name was George, and he now lived in the same next-door house his grandmother had lived in 20 years ago. He said the Hampton duplex had been unoccupied (by humans) for three or four years. He told me that a candlelight vigil was held out front every December 4, and that Deborah Johnson had been at the last one held three months previously.

George knew the neighbors and waved a greeting to a friend across the street, who shouted to me that if I didn't want to buy *that* duplex there were more for sale down the block. I yelled out that I was looking, not buying, and looking at this one in particular. He called back, "Oh yeah, that's where it happened."

Then George pointed up and over about 2½ blocks through the now-empty lots to the busier West Madison Street, where the BPP office had been. "There are still bullet holes in the walls we could go see," he said. But first we headed to the neighborhood party store for a six-pack of beer.

Back at George's place we quaffed brew and rapped some more. He took me to his second floor back porch, overlooking the narrow walkway between the houses. He pointed to the kitchen window next to the bedroom and told me that the cops had cut their way halfway through that window when the ambush was sprung, then kicked through the remaining glass and came in shooting.

Fred Hampton in 1969. Photo/FE Archives.

Police Assault

I knew the rest of the story. Inside the darkened apartment, the only light came from the muzzle flashes of police weapons. A State's Attorney's agent named Gorman was firing his .45 caliber submachine gun from the living room into both bedrooms through the cheap clapboard walls. A cop named Davies joined in with his own M1 carbine he had brought along and loaded with non-regulation hollow-point ammunition.

All 42 slugs fired through the living room wall converged on the head of Hampton's bed. Police who had entered from the back blasted away with shotguns and pistols. A cop named Carmody shot several times through Hampton's bedroom door, and then kicked it open. He and Davies stood in the doorway firing into the mattress where they knew the drugged Hampton would be.

A cease-fire was called, and during this lull in the shooting, Deborah Johnson and two other Panthers emerged from the bedroom. Hampton lay face-down on the mattress, seriously wounded in the chest by one of Davies' dum-dum bullets. From the kitchen, Johnson and Panther Harold Bell heard police in the bedroom discussing whether Hamptom was dead or not. An unidentified cop said, "He'll barely make it."

More gunshots followed, two of which were fired point blank into the back of Hampton's head, followed by Carmody stating, "He's good and dead now." One of the cops must have removed the two slugs from the mattress for they were never recovered.

In the front bedroom, three other Panthers scrambled for cover. At this point Detective Gorman, apparently having reloaded and ready to mop up, "again appears on the scene [and] runs past the bedroom door, firing all the while. He then places his weapon on automatic fire and, in a low crouch, charges into the north front bedroom. He empties the 30-round clip at two of the three individuals in the room and all three emerge wounded." (**New Republic**, June 6, 1970)

In all, the four separate outbursts of shooting took about twelve minutes. Only one shot fired was ever attributed to the Panthers: a shotgun slug had blown a hole low in the inner front door of the unit and lodged into a far corner of the anteroom near the ceiling. In the first moments of the attack, Davies had burst through this front door and snapped off three quick shots with his carbine, wounding Brenda Harris and killing 22-year-old Mark Clark, whose body was found behind the door.

It seems likely that Clark was responding to police noise from the front porch, shotgun in hand. The crazy angle of the shotgun blast through the door suggests that Clark's gun went off as he fell.

A Guided Tour

George and I finished our beers and headed outside where he showed me more; rooftop positions police marksmen had taken to cover and seal off the area and patches on his back porch wall where a few stray shotgun pellets had entered the house. The city had

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FBI War on the Black Panthers

The Black Panther Party for Self-Defense was formed in Oakland, California in 1966. Within two years it had dropped self-defense from its title and spread throughout the country, particularly in California and the northern ghettos. It also came under tremendous pressure as federal and state repression of the movement intensified.

This was the period when, as thousands of FBI documents released under provision of the Freedom of Information Act amply demonstrate, the Bureau was engaged in what amounted to a secret war against the Panthers. The FBI, the de facto political police in the U.S. since its inception, was already conducting Counterintelligence Programs (COINTELPRO) to infiltrate and disrupt the Communist Party, USA, the Socialist Workers Party, and Puerto Rican nationalist movements. These operations were greatly expanded and directed against many of the radical and reformist movements that were gaining momentum in the late 1960s.

The COINTELPRO operation entitled 'Black Extremists/Hate Groups' had as its main target the growing Black Panther Party (BPP). Its structure called for the FBI field offices to aggressively interdict Panther activities in their cities. According to released documents, special agents in charge of the various offices were called on by FBI superiors to formulate "imaginative and hard-hitting counterintelligence measures aimed at crippling the BPP." Massive surveillence via wiretaps, burglaries, electronic devices, live "tails," and mail tampering was only the beginning.

The feds shared information and collaborated with local police units that often had been specifically created for "red squad" purposes. At least 38 Panthers were murdered by various police agencies between 1968 and 1972, and at least 12 others died in "shooting wars" deliberately fostered by FBI COINTELPRO specialists through an assortment of disinformation ruses. Hundreds more party members and their supporters were beaten or suffered gunshot wounds.

Scores of Panthers were railroaded into the local penitentiary on what has since been revealed to have been highly suspicious and sometimes plainly false information provided to local police by Bureau counterintelligence operatives.

Other COINTELPRO methods that appear in FBI memoranda include:

Forged Mail. The FBI regularly sent forged correspondence to groups or members of groups to exacerbate differences among activists and to create snitch-jackets (see below). If the possibility of physical violence between groups became apparent, these efforts were often intensified.

Fake "propaganda." The FBI fabricated and distributed publications, leaflets, broadsheets, cartoons, etc. in the name of targeted organizations designed to misrepresent their positions, goals and objectives in a way to publicly discredit them and increase tensions within and between groups.

Disinformation. The FBI systematically released false information to their print and electronic media contacts. They hoped this process would condition public sentiment to accept the brutal Bureau/police repression. Potential killer cops on the beat also watched the television news and read the papers, and thereby had their worst Panther nightmares reinforced. This had the effect of increasing trigger-finger itch during street confrontations.

Harassment Arrests. The executive branch of government used the judiciary branch as a tool of attack. Repeated arrests of targeted individuals on spurious charges were carried out, not to obtain convictions, but to demoralize, harass and increase paranoia.

Arrestees and their supporters were tied up in a series of prearraignment imprisonment and preliminary courtroom procedures. Money was depleted through posting of numerous bail bonds and the retention of lawyers. Grand juries were used to evade the Fifth Amendment and compel testimony. The FBI and the US Justice Department[sic] convened over 100 grand juries in the late 1960s and subpoenaed more than 1000 activists from various dissident movements.

Informers and Agent Provocateurs. COINTELPRO documents have revealed that thousands of informers were used against the left in this period. In the BPP and in other groups, many also functioned as agent provocateurs. They encouraged or engaged in illegal activities which could then be attributed to members of the BPP or the party itself. They disrupted internal functioning and assisted in the spread of disinformation. To exploit rifts between rival black nationalist groups, agent provocateurs were used to escalate the fighting, sometimes provoking gun battles.

Snitch-Jacketing. "Snitch-jacketing" or "bad-jacketing" refers to the well-known prison practice of creating suspicion, through the spreading of rumors, manufacture of evidence, etc., that loyal group members, usually in key positions, are FBI/police informers. In the case of the BPP, it became known to FBI agents that the likely outcome of this tactic would be extreme physical violence directed at the "jacketed" individuals. Yet such efforts were continued and in some cases accelerated. Some prominent targets of FBI snitch-jacketing were civil rights leader Stokely Carmichael, and Black Panthers Fred Bennett and

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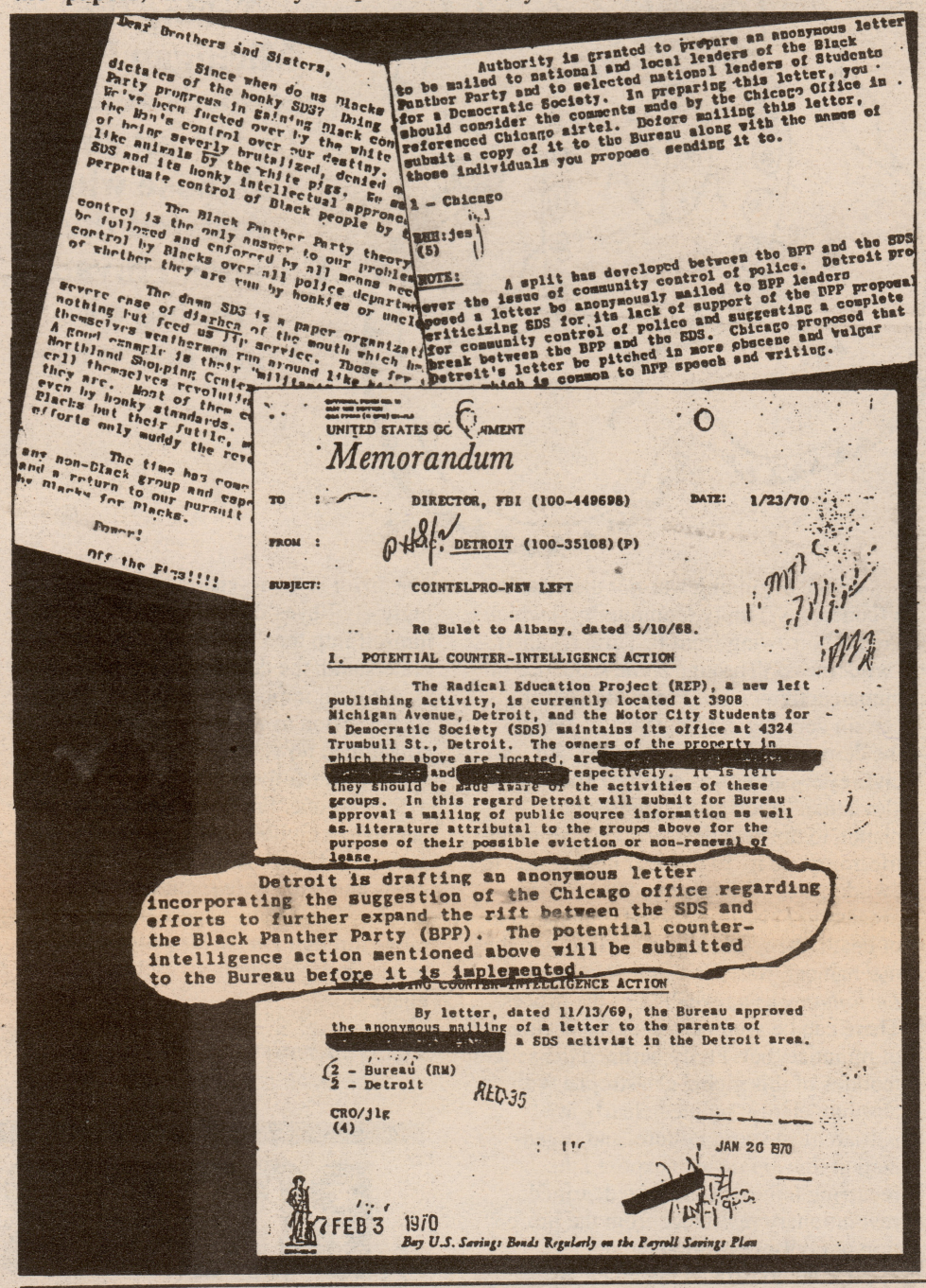

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Since when do us blacks dictates of the honky SDS? Doing Party progress in gaining black con We've been fucked over by the white been fucked over our destiny, the Man's control over our destiny, of being severly brutalized, denied like animals by the white pigs. Be SDS and its honky intellectual approac perpetuate control of Black people by

The Black Panther Party theory control is the only answer to our problem be fullyized and enforced by all means nec control by Blacks over all police departm of whether they are run by honkies or uncl

The dawn SDS is a paper organizat severe case of diarhea of the mouth which h nothing but feed us lip service. Those few themselves weathermen run around like a A good example is their Northland Shopping Center) themselves revolutio they are. Most of them even by honky standards. Blacks but their futile, efforts only muddy the revo

The time has come any non-Black group and cease and a return to our pursuit the blacks for blacks.

Power!

Off the Pigs!!!!

Authority is granted to prepare an anonymous letter to be mailed to national and local leaders of the Black Panther Party and to selected national leaders of Students for a Democratic Society. In preparing this letter, you should consider the comments made by the Chicago Office in referenced Chicago airtel. Before mailing this letter, submit a copy of it to the Bureau along with the names of those individuals you propose sending it to.

1 - Chicago

BHH:jes
(5)

NOTE: A split has developed between the BPP and the SDS over the issue of community control of police. Detroit proposed a letter be anonymously mailed to BPP leaders criticizing SDS for its lack of support of the BPP proposal for community control of police and suggesting a complete break between the BPP and the SDS. Chicago proposed that Detroit's letter be pitched in more obscene and vulgar which is common to BPP speech and writing.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (100-449698) DATE: 1/23/70

FROM : SAC, DETROIT (100-35108)(P)

SUBJECT: COINTELPRO-NEW LEFT

Re Bulet to Albany, dated 5/10/68.

I. POTENTIAL COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE ACTION

The Radical Education Project (REP), a new left publishing activity, is currently located at 3908 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, and the Motor City Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) maintains its office at 4324 Trumbull St., Detroit. The owners of the property in which the above are located, are [redacted] and [redacted] respectively. It is felt they should be made aware of the activities of these groups. In this regard Detroit will submit for Bureau approval a mailing of public source information as well as literature attributal to the groups above for the purpose of their possible eviction or non-renewal of lease.

Detroit is drafting an anonymous letter incorporating the suggestion of the Chicago office regarding efforts to further expand the rift between the SDS and the Black Panther Party (BPP). The potential counter-intelligence action mentioned above will be submitted to the Bureau before it is implemented.

[redacted] COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE ACTION

By letter, dated 11/13/69, the Bureau approved the anonymous mailing of a letter to the parents of [redacted] a SDS activist in the Detroit area.

2 - Bureau (RM)
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REC-35

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JAN 26 1970

FEB 3 1970

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

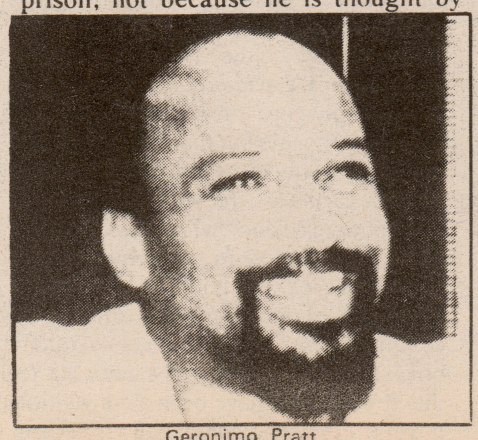
The Continuing Cost of COINTELPRO

PRISONER UPDATES

Geronimo Ji Jaga Pratt has been incarcerated in California's maximum security prisons for almost 20 years. He was recently transferred to Tehachapi, in southern California, far from his growing base of support in the Bay Area.

On July 28, 1972 Pratt—a much-decorated Vietnam veteran and then head of the Los Angeles chapter of the Black Panther Party (BPP)—was sentenced to a seven-year-to-life term for the "Tennis Court Murder" of a white school teacher in Santa Monica in 1968. FBI infiltrator Melvin "Cotten" Smith, who was then head of Panther security in Los Angeles, has since come forward with details of the FBI/LA red squad plan to frame Geronimo. Now doing a life stretch of his own in Kentucky, Smith described a meeting in which agents and cops sat around trying to figure out which unsolved murder would be the best to pin on Pratt.

At the time of his conviction, Pratt had already spent nearly two years in maximum security lockup awaiting trial. Since being imprisoned, he has served more time in solitary confinement than any other prisoner of the U.S., a total of eight years. At Pratt's parole hearing in November 1987, L.A. Deputy District Attorney Diane Visanni made clear that he was being kept in prison, not because he is thought by the state to be a "murderer" but because he is "still a revolutionary man."



Geronimo Pratt.

Through it all Pratt has consistently maintained he was 350 miles north of Santa Monica on the day of the murder, attending a national leadership meeting of the BPP in Oakland. He also maintains the FBI has always been aware of his innocence, given that the Bureau electronically surveilled the meeting in question.

At trial, the FBI denied the existence of such taps and bugs. However, it was later forced to admit that it had indeed electronically monitored the meeting, but then claimed to have "lost" the logs which would have served to exonerate Pratt.

The Bureau also initially denied having infiltrated Pratt's defense team or having placed undercover operatives on the stand to testify against him; in fact the FBI was later forced to

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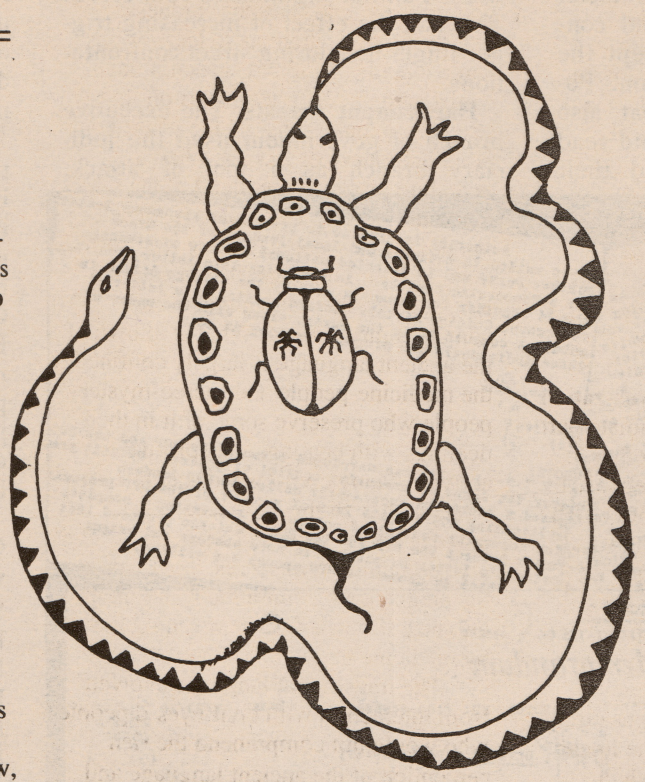
Re-Visioning: *The Strait*

The Strait, by Fredy Perlman,
Black & Red, Detroit, 1988

By Allan Foster



Taking the Michigan Peninsula as setting, The Strait sings of those who resisted the European Invader, telling us how and why.

I began to make this a conventional review of Fredy Perlman's book *The Strait* and it was a mistake. For if you begin reading it as a conventional book with a linear story and a stairway of characters *The Strait* will fail you and, what is worse for me, will fail Fredy and the leap of imagination which he put into it.

What business has a whiteman writing another book explaining the genocide of native peoples and the consequences of their destruction to us and for them?

What business has a whiteman putting words and thoughts and dreams into the mouths of native women and men?

What does *The Strait* do for me or you that works by native people can't do better and with more authenticity?

The answer to the first two questions is no business at all. But Fredy wasn't in business. He didn't market points of view, answers, or ideologies. He was a most relentless explorer, critic, and resister of this grim catastrophe. Don't come to this book looking for answers to weighty questions. Fredy offers a platform, a jumping-off-place for prodding your imagination, for goading your emotional structure into taking you someplace new.

The answer to the third question is much trickier. Fredy did something with *The Strait* which we all must begin to do if we are to real-eyes a different world. Fredy began to re-vision the world for himself. He began to take off much of the intellectual shackles we all carry around (our social armor as it were) and to try to feel the reality of another kind of person. To step outside civil-eyes-zation and breathe a different universe.

The result is incomplete, irregular, compelling and a thoroughly worthwhile experience. You can feel the compulsion which drove Fredy throughout the book, his desire to real-eyes a different universe for life to fill. The result is a difficult exercise. You feel Fredy's desire to make each detail as true and authentic as he can.

There are native accounts and living native people who can give fuller insights into the nearly lost realms of the native universe and you should make every effort to acquaint yourselves with them. But knowing with your head, with your intellect is radically different than feeling with your emotions and body the nature of that experience. It is this incongruity which makes *The Strait* so interesting and valuable.

Fredy, in the first book of *The Strait*, was trying to dream dreams and create songs to communicate a different *something* from what we expect in a his-story or novel. That project for a variety of reasons may be an impossible feat to commit to writing. But look on this work as the residue of an experience which Fredy had, the verbal picture of a dream. Fredy's dream is not a native person's reality. But it is not the dream of a civil-eyes'd person either.

A Backgound and Perspective

I cannot take you into the *The Strait* without first grounding you in my perceptions and feelings about his previous book *Against His-story, Against Leviathan.*

In the beginning was *not* the state but a (conscious?) unity (community?) which Fredy, borrowing from F. Turner, called "wilderness." Through some sequence of human activity (and Fredy argues for a certain very logical sequence of events) the demented death-machine we call civil-eyes-zation was created. This social "leviathan" evolved to dominate the planet, to the near destruction of all other life-forms on it, to the near destruction of "wilderness." Fredy's evocation of this process in *Leviathan*, of the organization of death, the reduction of the living to the mechanical, was lyric in its eloquence. *Leviathan* was a revealing of the process. There can be argument over the accuracy of minutiae, but Fredy outlined the salient features of this global catastrophe with absolute clarity: pointed clearly at patriarchical spirit, culture, and organization. *Leviathan* also exposed the recurring failure of organized, armed, revolutionary resistance from the inception of civil-eyes-zation.

He demonstrated the inherent persisting failure of resistance which takes the form of the enemy to defeat that enemy. He demonstrated that organizing *violence-as-an-institution* to resist *violence-as-an-institution* was a victory for the death-machine regardless who carried the field.

A frightening aspect of Fredy's unfolding analysis in *Leviathan* was the ultimate realization that it was in many instances those who had organized to resist the depredations of the civil-monster who spread its infection to peoples and places in the remaining "wilderness." These "resisters" carried with them the death from which they fled. *Against His-story, Against Leviathan.* leaves you with a half-empty cup. It re-veals from where the monster came but discusses no meaningful way of negating it.

The Strait, is a record of Fredy's attempt to re-vision "wilderness," to re-create a *way* to live in "wilderness." But the book as it exists now is unfinished. Fredy passed over before his offering was complete. *The Strait* is not a conventional novel in its present form. I cannot but feel that it would not have been a conventional novel if Fredy had completed his re-visioning, but the question is moot.

The Strait is the re-vision of one not-willingly-civil-eyes'd human trying to dream himself into the "wilderness," to feel, not understand, the destruction of the world.

It is an impossible task to commit such a vision to writing in English as it is constituted now. This said, *The Strait* is also a powerfully moving experience and a difficult one. Fredy makes no accommodation to a civil-eyes'd person's unfamiliarity with Native American naming traditions and habits. He remains as true to them as a non-native speaker can. You move through *The Strait* within Fredy's re-vision of "wilderness" reduced to language.

The Wilder-ness

The Strait is a re-creation of the depredation of one part of "wilderness" known to its two-leggeds as Turtle Island. It is not a his-storical novel because it speaks from the vantage point of the destroyed not the destroyers. It speaks of the time when the death machine makes its first incursions among "the people," the Rootkin, Firekeepers, and Turtle-people of this place between the great waters Mishigami and Kichigami. Fredy's "talking leaves" speak of "the people's" personal geography, the "wilderness" dreaming its own beauty being destroyed.

Prior to the invasion of their world by civil-eyes'd whites, Native Americans lived in a universe of conscious unity and spirit. These two-leggeds reflected their kinship with all other life forms with their participation, ceremonially and personally, in the Great Mystery which enfolds all energy-matter-spirit.

This way of being-in-the-world is reflected in the most powerful prayer of the Lakota people who migrated from the eastern seaboard of Turtle Island to the upper reaches of the Missouri watershed, and were western neighbors to the people of *The Strait*. In Lakota this prayer is "mitakuye oyasin" (pronounced meh-TAK-we-os-see) which has been translated as "for all my relations." It frames all of the ceremonies of the Lakota people from the purification of the the sweat lodge, to the sacrifice of the Sundance.

In this reality, animals, humans, plants, rocks, water, thunder and fire are not separate species or members of different *king–dominions* but related beings of the Great Mystery. A person(People) maintains intimate and personal contact with all of these beings in order to keep balance and harmony within the universe. A person re-solves, re-creates, re-members, or heals the dis-eases or difficulties which arise when spirit-matter-being-events are out of balance by seeking advice, teaching, and assistance from the sacred-mysteries of rock, thunder, plant, animal, or those of her kin who have passed over.

Within the earth-time-space surrounding a person(People) are locations both personal and communal at which she can intensify her intimacy with these sacred-mysteries. These power-place-time spaces can be the location of communal ceremonies of growth,death, and rebirth. They can also be personal places for renewal, in-visioning, and trans-forming. These place-time-person(people) locations make the land (the "wilder-ness") which a people in-habit their home, a living part of them, an intimate, interactive being-in-the-sacred-mystery. To be forced from these places is to have the universe torn apart, to have your relations savagely separated from you, to be lost, to have no place-time-earth to be within. Any migration involves the re-constituting of the universe, a re-balancing within the Great Mystery of all of the harmonies of life and health. It is not the simple lateral replacing which civil-eyes'd people think they undertake.

Living within the Great Mystery groups of two–leggeds bind together in kinship and from the need to collectively promote the life and health of all beings. Groups are not constituted to defend one band from another, or appropriate material wealth, but to balance the health and life of the people within the harmony of the universe. This task requires the participation and attention (attend–dance) of all of the people. So in the cycle of living they come together in places which intensify their intimacy with the Great Mystery and perform the rituals and ceremonies devoted to balance, harmony, and health.

The Invasion

Into this place-time-community came invaders whose hearts knew only conflict, separation, and domination. Into this place-time-community came strangers whose hearts told them to subdue and dominate all that walked, crawled, swam, or sprouted upon the earth. Into this place-time-community came strangers whose hearts told them that their perception of the Great Mystery must be spread with fire and sword, that all people should be "saved" from the abundant life which they led and prepared for an eternal life in the

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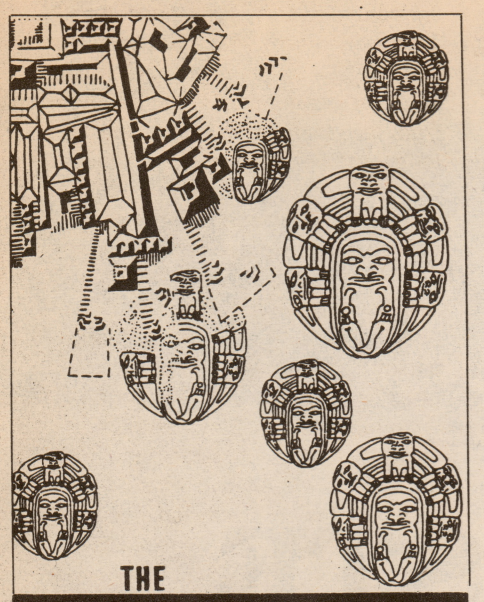
BOOK REVIEWS



Re-Visioning

Continued from previous page

air or a damnation in the bowels of an alien earth.

With these invaders came new and terrible dis-eases which the strangers had never re-balanced but carried with them as punishment for the "sin" in which they lived. The strangers gave these new dis-eases to the people of Turtle Island along with the other "fruits" of their civil-eyes-zation: sticks-that-kill-from-a-distance, water-which makes-you-crazy, boundaries to separate the earth from the people, and government to separate the people from themselves. The one gift which they could not foist on the people was the will-to-kill-forever.

The Strait sings of this place-time-community of Obenabi's family, Potowatomies, who walked these places during the early period of changes. His people, grandmothers, sisters, nieces, and companions, live a nightmare of terrors as the universe dis-solves from the old way. They suffer extreme pain and alienation when the intimate, nurturing place-time-community transforms around these bearded white strangers into a universe of death, slavery, and on-going war.

The people who are Obenabi's relations do everything they can to restore the balance of being within the universe. They go into their dream lodges seeking help and assistance. They perform the rituals of the "Keepers of the Fire" and those ceremonies which unite the people among themselves and with those who have passed over. But these elements of the ebbing "wilderness" seem powerless to stop the civil-eyes'd people whose entire universe is death. Obenabi's kin move in the time when women and children of "the people" are divided from the men by trade, alcohol, and incessant killing, when life itself becomes merely an un-death.

The Strait is at its best re-visioning the process of world-changing by the invaders from civil-eyes-zation and the responses of the native peoples to it. This is clearly where Fredy shines, a re-memberer himself. The process which he analyzed and described so thoroughly in *Leviathan* is given a full human dimension in *The Strait*. The initial extension of hospitality by the Rootkin and its betrayal. The struggles with other native people driven west by the beast the Rootkin now face. The unique turmoil which civil-eyes-zation brings to the world. The restless movement and flight one associates with a tremendous natural catastrophe. In re-visioning the interactions of newly invaded people with the members of the civil–eyes'd machine *The Strait* presents us with a full and accurate portrayal.

The Struggle to Re-Vision

The Strait also tries to capture elements of the universe of the people while the "wilderness" was whole. This is a near impossible task, the weakness, and true strength of the book.

It is one thing to know and understand the depredations of civil-eyes-zation because this knowledge is an intimate part of our body-spirits. It is quite another to "know" a universe which you feel only by its absence. It is difficult even with much experience of native people to know the personality of this universe. It may be impossible to express the feeling for a "Great Mystery" in English, Chinese, or any civil-eyes'd language. Before missionaries and civil-eyes'd "teachers" overhauled them, native languages rarely, if ever, structured the world in the linear rational-eyes'd abstracted way which civil-eyes'd tongues do.

A linguist, Benjamin Whorf, upon confronting this phenomenon in Hopi speech postulated that such a language would force a people who spoke it to perceive the world in a radically different manner from their civil-eyes'd cousins. He was soundly hooted out of the "academy" by true "scientists" and "professors" who "knew" that there was only one "true perception," and they had it. They knew that all other perceptions were primitive, distorted, or in-sanity.

Whorf was wrong about the direction of cause and effect (human activity originates the framework for language) but correct in his analysis that the Hopi did and do perceive the Universe in a radically different manner. The languages of native peoples (or what remains of their mother tongues) grew out of a need to communicate with their universe. This universe was not linear, atomized, alien, or threatening. It was nurturing, powerful, spirit-filled, interactive, and intimate. That is the way a civil-eyes'd language must describe it. Such a description does not do it justice. A more romantic description within a civil-eyes'd tongue still leaves you with a vague sense of coldness.

In my own attempts to learn songs and elements of Lakota speech, I have confronted the difficulty head-on. In my struggle to make sense of the jesuit-compiled dictionary of Lakota, I had a revealing discussion with a Lakota medicine-person. He related that traditional Lakota recognize three transformations of their language: the ancient language, a transitional language, and contemporary Lakota. What is known of the ancient language is largely confined to the medicine-people and sacred-mystery-people who preserve some of it in their dealings with healing, and spiritual activity. Many civil-eyes'd scholars now write as though this language was a language of "priests and shamans," but as my acquaintance observes,"how would the people have communicated with the universe if this language was only known by medicine people."

The transitional language evolved from interaction with civil-eyes'd people who would not comprehend the rich perception of the ancient language and began its reification. This accompanied their genocide of the Lakota and all Native Americans. The contemporary language is a product of the process of reifying Lakota to express an alien universe, making it a language to be written not sung. Today the ancient ways are almost as inexpressible in Lakota as they are in English. Civil-eyes-zation shackles the spiritual as well as the material aspects of living. It reduces both to lubricants for its death machine.

Surviving native people attempting to preserve something of the ancient ways face the same trial which Fredy faced in attempting to write an account of his dreaming of Obenabi and his kin. There are no correlations left within speech which match-up to another experience, another way of living, of being-in-the-world. Speech elements can exist which you can hear but not translate to another less abundant language or to the page.You cannot do it intellectually with your head. But within Fredy's accounts, as with many Native works, you can sense a feeling of right-ness. You can use them to prod yourself to feel and experience in new ways. To re-vision the world for yourself.

Beyond its full exploration of the events from the destruction of "wilderness" into linear time, the value of *The Strait* is this act of re-visioning. Not that Fredy created a "right" or "most accurate" re-vision but that he undertook the work and left some record of it to assist the rest of us in our work. We re–create the world just a small bit when we re-vision our reality.

The Legacy of *The Strait*

Fredy went into dream-time to meet Obenabi, Yahatase, Menoko and the others of "the people" from *The Strait*. Those that lived in "wilderness" spoke to him in a way that is very difficult to understand. Fredy's in-sight and devotion to real-eyes-ing "wilderness" gave us this record of them to work through for ourselves.

Those who lived in the universe of a dying "wilderness," a world increasingly dominated by civil-eyes'd destruction and repression told a tale more recognizable and familiar. They described a world much like the one in which we live, one of alienation, fear, and death.

In the native world a person acts to balance and harmonize her being with the Great Mystery on behalf of "all my relations," so that "the people may live." She does not act-upon, nor is she acted-upon, but is-with-all-beings-in-all-time. It is hard to find the speech to make that real because there is none of that real-ness here to speak about. Fredy's gift in *The Strait* is his re-visioning. His legacy is the the real–eyes–zation of an area of "wilder–ness" which came from his living "for all his relations."

The Strait and *Against His–story; Against Leviathan!* by Fredy Perlman are available from Black & Red, P.O.Box 02374, Detroit, MI 48202 for $5 and $4 or from the Fifth Estate Bookstore. Frederick Turner's *Beyond Geography: The Western Spirit Against the Wilderness* is $14 at FE Books.

— A Memoir of Fredy Perlman —

AN EXEMPLARY LIFE

Having Little, Being Much: A Chronicle of Fredy Perlman's Fifty Years, by Lorraine Perlman, Black & Red (Detroit, 1989), 155 pages, $3.50

I cannot say with any certainty what kind of response this perceptive, if rather abbreviated memoir would elicit from a person who did not know Fredy Perlman or his writings. It was written, clearly, for those familiar at least with his work, and they without a doubt will enjoy this glimpse of the man whose voice played such a large role in reviving libertarian traditions and articulating the critical primitivism that has so profoundly transformed antiauthoritarian ideas during the last decade.

This book is not, nor does it make any claim to be a comprehensive intellectual biography. That would take far more than its 150 or so pages. But it neverthless succeeds not only in giving a thoughtful survey of Fredy's "intellectual trajectory" (as the author, his companion of a quarter century, Lorraine Perlman, puts it in her introductory note); it also manages to capture, sometimes strikingly through characteristic moments and statements, the whole man.

One is struck alternately by the universal and unique aspects of Fredy's life. A refugee in a century of refugees, he narrowly escaped disappearing down the same abyss of the Nazi Final Solution in which he lost many of his relatives. An immigrant in the Americas, he spent his childhood in Bolivia, speaking Czech, German and Spanish. (One of his most vivid childhood memories was that of being chased and frightened by a llama.) Later, he came with his parents to the United States, where he grew up in New York and Kentucky, a student of merit who once won a television set in an essay competition on the theme of freedom, and who as a youth found refuge in one of those representative circles that sought to resist the stultifying effects of the conformist culture of the 1950s in jazz, classical music, and intellectual conversation.

How an individual becomes a rebel and a dissident is a question that is indirectly raised but left unanswered by the book;

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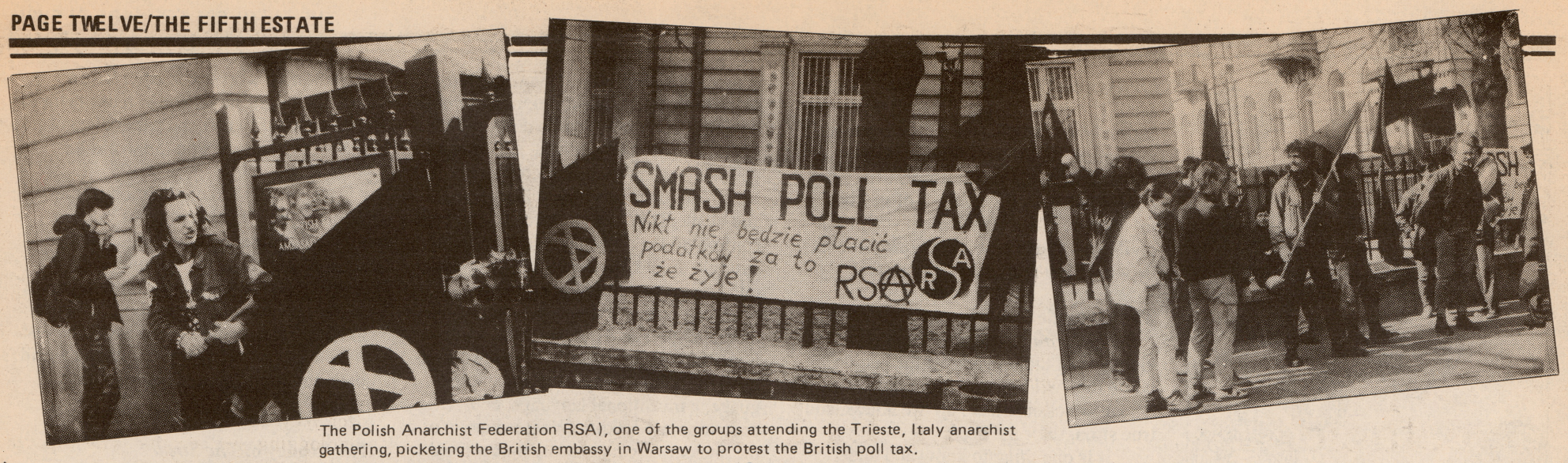


The Polish Anarchist Federation RSA), one of the groups attending the Trieste, Italy anarchist gathering, picketing the British embassy in Warsaw to protest the British poll tax.

ANARCHY IN TRIESTE

Anarchists from East & West Meet in Italy

The Italian group Germinal sponsored the first-ever large scale planning meeting of anarchists from the East and West in Trieste, Italy from April 14-17. Although they did not intend to have a huge gathering, 332 people registered from 23 countries. Among the groups represented from Eastern Europe were the Confederation of Anarcho-Syndicalists (USSR), the Czechoslovakian Anarchist Union, Autonomia (Hungary), Autonomija and A! (Yugoslavia) and Black Aliens and the Polish Anarchist Federation (Poland).

There was no severe harassment from the authorities, but there were many border detentions and identification checks by the cops on the street. One detained Yugoslav was told to get a haircut!

Germinal did a good job organizing the gathering, securing halls for meetings, supplying food and lodging, providing translations via earphones, etc.

On Friday night preceding the conference, activists from the formerly East bloc countries held a special meeting with Germinal. The Easterners were concerned that not enough time had been set aside for practical organization and networking cooperation. It was agreed that the Monday morning assembly would concentrate on that.

All of Saturday was devoted to a general assembly where the various delegates gave speeches and reports on the situation in their countries, their political views, and their organizing activities and other efforts. A wide range of subjects was covered; they included the history and perspectives of neither east nor west type activity (much applause for that!), squatting, racism, and anti-nuclear struggles.

Glasnost, A Power Game

A consensus emerged in the assembly that in this new period of Capitalist/Communist collusion it's more vital than ever for opposition movements in the east and the west to cooperate and engage in joint work with one another; we share the same enemies. The Communists have not yet disappeared; elites remain. Alternative visions are still on the defensive. Glasnost is a power-game adaptation to new political/economic conditions.

Saturday's meeting also had plenty of literature tables and exhibits of photos and leaflets from a bunch of countries like Poland, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

On Sunday three commissions (workshops) were scheduled to discuss a number of topics: the ideological crisis of Marxism, the development of the opposition movements in the East, and the opening of new common perspectives due to German reunification and the future of Europe after 1992. Missing was a workshop to concretely plan joint activism and cooperation between anarchists east and west, so a group of us put our heads together and announced a networking meeting at the Germinal office on Sunday afternoon.

I don't know what happened at the workshops. A couple times during the networking meeting someone would pop in to say that easterners were lacking at the three workshops and couldn't an easterner please attend one? Clearly our workshop was packed with East Europeans who wanted to get down to nitty-gritty business.

Plenty of practical ideas and proposals were tossed around by the 40-50 people who attended, including a computer network, an activist bulletin (similar to OGB), international camping, support for miners' strikes in the USSR, a solidarity statement for the April 23 Earth Day protest on Wall Street, prisoner support, a simultaneous day of action, an emergency response network/phone tree, and the coordination of sending money, books, printing supplies, computers and other items to the East. (Many easterners need info on the basics of feminism, anarchist history and theory; they're starving for info on everything.) Hungarians wanted help with squatting. Solidarity actions and statements were asked for a May 19 protest in Canada against NATO military training flights over Innu (Native Americans) land and the construction of a NATO base in Canada.

Trying to organize a world revolution in a few hours certainly got hectic, but a number of concrete things were decided.

During the general assembly on Monday, practical planning among anarchists east and west was discussed. The walls of the auditorium were covered with sheets of paper for people to write down their proposals, appeals, and so on. Reports on the networking meetings were given. The solidarity statement for the Wall Street action was read as well as the Black Banner Brigade's statement supporting an action against the International Monetary Fund meeting in Austin, Texas on July 9-11. Both Statements were unanimously agreed to by the assembly.

It was agreed that Arianne and others of the NY group would coordinate a newsletter. People should send her photo-ready copy sheets which she will xerox, staple and mail out to the network contact list. It will be assembled monthly, or every other month. Those in the west would be required to subscribe at $10/year with easterners getting a freebie. We'd call it or subtitle it "The Intercontinental Neither East Nor West Newsletter." It would stress short, concise items calling for activist cooperation on projects, reports on the activities/histories of various groups, and so on. For now, the newsletter would be an internal bulletin board for the network. There would be no editorial control; what comes in goes out. Nice and easy, huh? Shucks.

Strong Camaraderie

The generous souls from Poland's Anarchist Federation pledged to fundraise for the bulletin by sending anarchist T-shirts and patches to be sold at Sabotage Books in New York.

On Monday night a special women's meeting was held, as well as some impromptu gay networking.

Tuesday morning saw a public display of anarchist posters, publications and photos in a local plaza. Tuesday afternoon the East Europeans held a special meeting for themselves (which was open to westerners).

On Wednesday, as the gathering ended, Germinal members and others feverishly worked on assembling packets of submitted material to send out to conference participants.

The gathering was amazing and very successful. There was plenty of fun and partying. Despite the usual differences of opinion and various frictions, we all got along quite well and loved each other. Camaraderie was quite strong.

The major drawback of the conference, something which seems to plague the anarchist movement everywhere, was the lack of Third World or Fourth World participation. North Americans informed the conference of a gathering planned by Mexican anarchists for 1991 in Mexico City.

One difference between this gathering and the recent ones in North America was that there was much more of an age mixture in Trieste, something that made it more interesting.

One last comic note: Inevitably when you use the term "anarchy" most people think of "mindless chaos." An example often brought up is "what would happen if there were no traffic lights? Some of us noticed that there were very few traffic lights in Trieste. Guess what? Nothing happened!

See you at the next one.

For the anarchist networking bulletin: Intercontinental Neither East nor West Newsletter, PO Box 1737, New York, N.Y. 10009, USA ($10 cash).

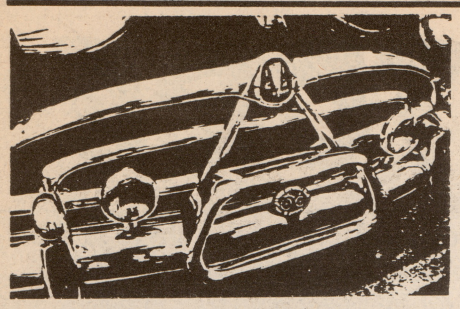
For the anarchist computer network: Tjebbe Van Tijen, Niewe Amstelstr. 70, 1011 PM* Amsterdam, Holland

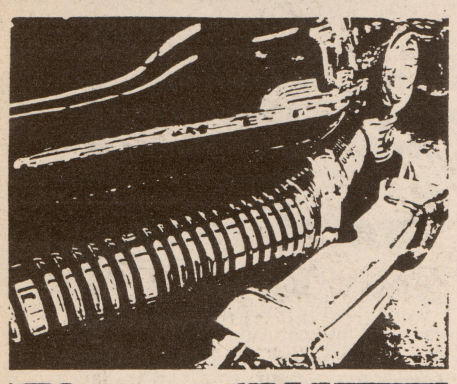
For the Europe/North American communications improvement network: Ralf Landmesser, Rathenower, Str. 23, D1000 Berlin 21, Germany.

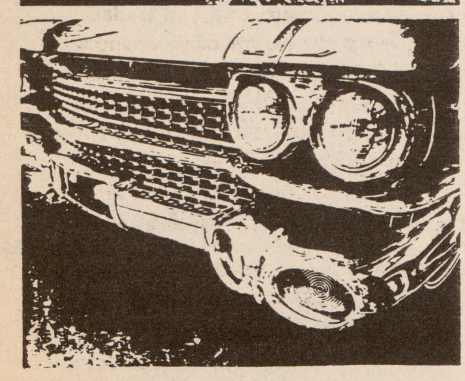
The most recent **On Gogol Boulevard** contains more information from Trieste—eastern documents, etc., a long contact list, an analysis of what the changes in the east mean, plus an intriguing article, "Was the CIA Behind the East European Purge Trials?" It's available for $1. from Bob McGlynn, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

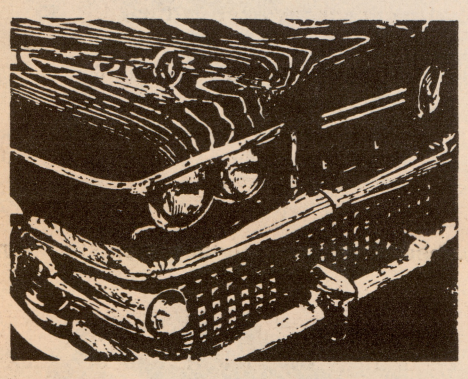
—Bob McGlynn

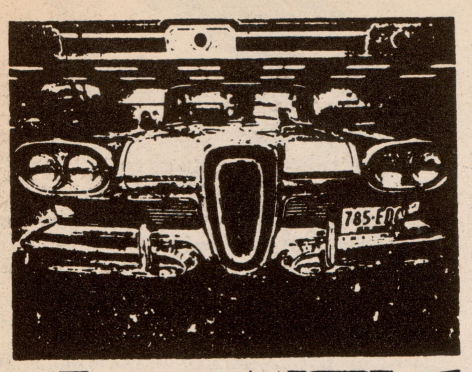
Polish Anarchist Federation panel at the Trieste East/West gathering; Anna Niedzwieka speaking.

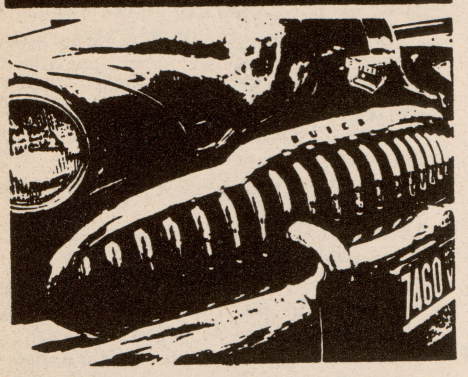


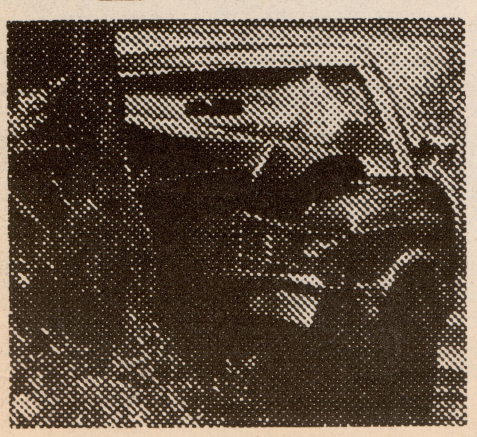












Roger, Michael and Me

"Roger and Me," a film produced and directed by Michael Moore.

"It was like a prison." So says Deputy Fred, who evicts families that can no longer pay the rent. He is speaking of the auto assembly line, and this is the only direct reference in the entire film "Roger and Me" to the brutal nature of factory "life." Michael Moore, founder (and loser?) of the the Flint *Voice*, sacked editor of *Mother Jones*, has now transferred his lukewarm critique of capitalist relations to the silver screen as director and narrator.

The movie, for those who haven't heard, is a humorous but barbed look at Flint, Michigan, a General Motors company town, and how the city has been affected by thousands of layoffs in the 1980's. Lots of copy in corporate newspapers and magazines has been written on the plot, so I won't focus on that here. What inspired this review was material *not* in the the movie, and its implied leftist politics of mass technics as "neutral," made inhuman not by their very definition, but only by the evil class of men who now have their hands on the controls.

The film certainly was funny, and even managed to imply some criticism of work by showing the foolish or repressive aspects of jobs that unemployed autoworkers were forced to accept after leaving the factory. It also portrayed well the total profit orientation of large corporations like GM at the expense of even cosmetic "responsibility" to workers. But its treatment as a "radical" work by the mainstream only shows the media's complete inability to see beyond the parameters of the empire of capital.

Rather than being amused by the film's humor, I left the theater more annoyed by Moore's insinuation that all would be well if only Flint's hapless ex-workers still had their jobs. To look at GM's insensitivity to the human side of its corporate policies as a scandal or flaw in an otherwise sound system is characteristic of leftists and some anarchists who believe that the industrial megamachine could somehow be humane if it were administered by workers self-management instead of boardroom hierarchies.

"Monstrous and Unprincipled"

Many viewers, from old style leftists to liberal film reviewers, saw Moore's documentary as a moving statement for increased "corporate responsibility" to the worker. This implies that there is a moral side to capital, and that it should honorably live up to its commitment to those it employs.

By its very nature, capital cannot be somehow modified or forced to meet the needs of the human beings it now dominates. To believe otherwise ignores what French theorist Jean Baudrillard calls "the primal (mise en) scene of capital: its instantaneous cruelty, its incomprehensible ferocity, its fundamental immorality—this is what is scandalous, unaccountable for in that system of moral and economic equivalence which remains the axiom of leftist thought, from Enlightenment theory to communism. Capital doesn't give a damn about the idea of the contract which is imputed to it—it is a monstrous unprincipled undertaking, nothing more."

Moore's politics also seem to reside firmly in what Fredy Perlman referred to as "Marx's blind spot," the notion of technology as progressive and liberating rather than hellish and destructive, to the individual and the planet.

Which brings me to the next glaring omission of Moore's celluloid polemic: the scourge on the biosphere that the production and widespread use of cars has become. Global warming is one of the most obvious symptoms of the damage the industrial era has had on the planet.

While operating, cars burn fuel and oxygen and emit carbon dioxide, contributing to the greenhouse effect. New emission technology may be able to reduce pollutants such as carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons as much as 96 percent, but has no effect at all on the amount of car-

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The Earth Moves Beneath Me

Hello. My name is Car. I am the new world citizen. My arrival in your neighbourhood brings with it a new kind of peace and prosperity.

You now find me, with minor variations in appearance, everywhere in the world. I am possible only because modern technology has been liberated from its historical restraints. The contemporary political and economic climate has fostered an exchange of technical information and an availability of natural resources that all previous national chauvinisms, physical barriers, and antiquated cultural taboos made impractical.

No longer will there be automobiles with national identities; no longer will you see "American" cars, "British" cars, "German" cars, or even "Japanese" cars.* Everyone appreciates our technical splendour, everyone wants our mobility, everyone needs our manufacture: many governments bruise their knees begging that their concessions to our production be accepted.

In fact we are rapidly replacing humans as the dominant species on the planet. Consider all the elements of our life: the mining of iron, coal, bauxite, and exotic metals for our manufacture; the transportaton of parts, completed vehicles, and fuels across oceans and continents; the construction of cities around our manufacturng plants where previously there had been merely farmland or jungle; the clearing away of decrepit old neighbourhoods and the conquering of wilderness to make roads on which we move and demolish distances; the numbers of people making us and using us, including people living less than a generation ago in the squalid conditions of primitives who had barely even heard our name; and, of course, the massive energy industry that plants oil wells in the most remote parts of the world and refines ancient, decayed organic matter into the refined essence that feeds us. You can see that we are involved in an uncalculable number of decisions in the life of the world.

You humans invest us with life through your own energies: many of you contributing nearly half of your hours awake to our manufacture (and who knows how much of your dreams), many others spending on us huge proportions of your earnings from producing other commodities. Who knows, there might arrive a time when people give up their homes to *live* in their cars.

We capture the imagination of your youth and the dedication of your most highly trained engineers and economists. You delight in images of alluring women juxtaposed to our bright colourful surfaces as if their beautiful soft flesh could enhance the impact our sleek sturdy lines have on the viewer, when in fact men know quite well how our shining steel protects their fragile egos. And it really wouldn't matter if such gender roles were reversed.

What more could one ask of life? Ours is so expansive that soon we will no longer need roads. It is, perhaps the *world* that moves beneath our wheels and *we* who stand still, the centre of creation.

By being such a common link among all you heretofore disparate peoples, we are developing, or, in a sense, imposing, a new harmony on the world. Those corporate and political leaders whose decision-making is most important to our lives must be able to move freely from country to country and allow the movement of goods nearly the same freedom. The building of automobile plants and related resource extraction industries in emerging countries brings with it the accoutrements of civilization. Soon those people, having the advantage of the lifestyle our existence bestows on humanity, will be thinking and acting like you. After all, they will be faced with the same choice as you: if you want us, you'll have to work for us.

Think of the consequences as *affluence*, something entirely different from greed; think of the means as *responsibility*, which is not at all the same as docility. And, most importantly, think of us as the *foundation* of your society — not its obsession.

Surely such comforting thoughts help to establish a new, relevant dignity for you, and with that in mind (or at least within my computer's memory), I wish you the best of all that is left.

—Gabriel Dumont

*The closest Canada ever came to having an indigenous vehicle was the dog-sled.

News& Reviews

When I compare the straight columns, boxed graphics and even type of the Fifth Estate to the graphic wildness and literary adventure of the 'zine *Babyfish Lost Its Momma*, it makes me wonder if the FE hasn't gotten a little bit too straight-edged. Well, I guess you can't force it, and *Babyfish* is tied solidly into a music, cultural, and lifestyle scene in Detroit's Cass Corridor district where everything comes out a bit jagged and experimental. Issue No. 3 is a walloping 80 pages of poetry, visuals, collages, music and literary reviews, fiction, communal action, radical sexuality and a lot of undefinables. Definitely for, as the lead editorial says, the "outlaws of Amerika." A steal at $2.00. Available from: *Babyfish* at P.O. Box 11589, Detroit MI 48211 plus postage, or through FE Books.

—Al Fresco

"Surface Tension" is the first album release from Sabot, a San Francisco-based drum and bass duo. Using this sparse instrumentation, Sabot's unique music features dense, complex arrangements with a wide range of dynamics. The ten songs combine elements of punk and jazz in an energetic performance. Hilary and Chris have a strong enthusiasm which instrumentally expands on their days with the now defunct Forethought (reviewed in the Spring 1987 FE).

Sabot played a rousing live performance at the 1989 San Francisco anarchist festival on a bill with poet Peter Plate, who contributed the liner notes. Look for Sabot this summer on their U.S./European tour including a July 6 FE benefit (see Detroit Seen). "Surface Tension" is available on LP for $6 from Sabot, 2702 18th St., San Francisco CA 94110; write for tour dates.

—Lee Wei

There are still copies remaining of the first issue of *Demolition Derby*, the new anti-civilization tabloid from Montreal, available from the Fifth Estate or from the publishing group (C.P. 1554, Succ. B, Montreal PQ, Canada H3B 3L2). Although a second issue was never a certainty, they expect to publish another issue in July which will contain an anti-authoritarian critique of feminism. The paper is free although donations for postage and costs are welcomed. Do not write checks or money orders to the publication as there is no account in that name. No cost to prisoners and people in psychiatric hospitals.

The Black and the Read Bookstore/ Cafe has been open for a few months now in Knoxville, Tenn. and is providing distribution for Anarchist and Situationist-type books and publications. They

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FE BOOKSTORE

The FE Bookstore is located at 4632 Second Ave., just south of W. Forest, in Detroit. We share space with the Fifth Estate Newspaper and may be reached at the same phone number: (313) 831-6800. Visitors are welcome, but our hours vary so please call before dropping in.

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL:

1) List the title of the book, quantity wanted, and the price of each; 2) add 10% for mailing costs—not less than $.90 U.S. or $1.34 foreign (minimum for 4th class book rate postage); 3) total; 4)write check or money order to: The Fifth Estate; 5) mail to: The Fifth Estate, P.O. Box 02548, Detroit, MI 48202

NEW

ABC OF ANARCHISM by Alexander Berkman

First published in 1929, Berkman's work still remains one of the best introductions to the ideas of anarchism. Berkman was no mere theoretician, but a militant activist for much of his life. Berkman was a lifelong companion of Emma Goldman and served years in prison for political offenses. The book poses and then answers questions such as "Is Anarchy Possible?" and "Is Anarchism Violence?"

Freedom Press 86pp $5

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM: The War in Ireland by Attack International

In the usual style of Attack, the subterfuges and alibies are dispensed with and the story of Northern Ireland's "troubles" are told from a radical, anti-authoritarian perspective. Both the state sponsored terrorism and Irish nationalism are criticized.

Attack International 71pp $2

BABYFISH LOST ITS MOMMA No. 3

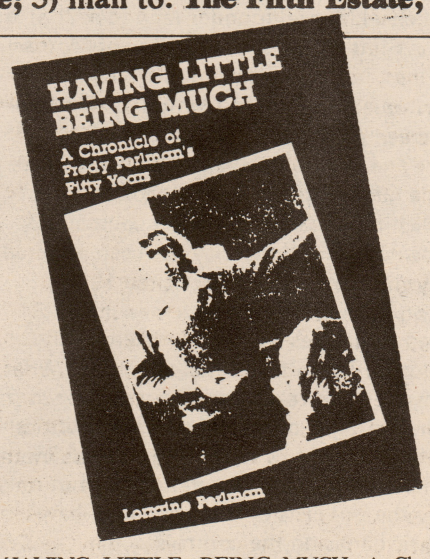
"Graphic wildness and literary adventure." —from our review this issue. Poetry, visuals, collages, music and literary reviews, fiction, communal action, radical sexuality and more.

Babyfish 80pp $2

MYTHS OF MALE DOMINANCE: Collected Articles of Women Cross-Culturally by Eleanor Burke Leacock

Written by anthropologist Eleanor Burke Leacock over a period of 30 years, these articles show the development of her thinking on questions of gender difference in primitive and civilized society. Two essays in particular, one a critique of Margaret Mead and another a study of matrilocality among the native Montagnais-Naskapi, illustrate the basis of her understanding that "universal male dominance is myth not fact." She states, "Despite the constant restatement of the assertion that for various biological or social -pyschological reasons women have always been subservient to men, both my direct experience and my cross-cultural studies continue to convince my otherwise." An important contribution to the discussion of the existence of primitive egalitarian societies with profound repercussions on social relations today.

Monthly Review Books 344pp $13



HAVING LITTLE; BEING MUCH: A Chronicle of Fredy Perlman's Fifty Years by Lorraine Perlman

A remembrance of a friend, and the times and community in which he lived. "Lorraine's direct and unadorned style let's Fredy's life speak for itself; one cannot help but see it as exemplary." —from our review this issue.

Black & Red 155pp $3.50

BOOKS BY FREDY PERLMAN

The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism (1985) A Fifth Estate reprint $1.25

Against His-story, Against Leviathan (1983) $3

Letters of Insurgents (1976) $5
Written under S. Nachalo and Y. Vocheck

Incoherence of the Intellectual (1970) $2.25

Reproduction of Daily Life (1969) $.50

Revolt in Socialist Yugoslavia (1969) $.75

Worker-Student Action Committees: France, May '68 w/R. Gregoire $1.50

We Called A Strike & No One Came $.75
As part of Kalamazoo Black & Red

Introductory Essay in I.I. Rubin's Essays on Marx's Theory of Value (1966) $3.75

The revolts this year which swept the socialist bloc countries were the culmination of a long history of resistance to state authority in the East. The following titles represent four of those stories recounted from an anti-authoritarian perspective.

HUNGARY '56 by Andy Anderson

Anderson's account of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 gives the full panorama of the revolt against the stalinist bureaucracy which contained the potential for universal forms of freedom.

Solidarity/Black & Red 138pp $2.25

POLAND: 1970-71—Capitalism&Class Struggle by ICO

"The cover photo of this pamphlet showing the blazing Communist Party headquarters illustrates what this book is about: the hatred of the people for their rulers. An entire exploited class rose against a ruling class, exposing the real social relations and shattering all mystifications." —from the FE review.

Black & Red 117pp $2.50

POLAND 1980-82: Class Struggle & The Crisis of Capital by Henri Simon

All that is criticized here has come to pass as Solidarity has taken up the administration of austerity in defense of Polish capital. The attempt of this union cum government to keep up with a militant working class is a juggling act

BACK IN STOCK

LIVING MY LIFE by Emma Goldman

The turbulent autobiography of a woman at the center of the century's major events. Although her life intersected with the famous figures of the era, it is the day-to-day struggles for anarchy which make this account come alive. This is the orginal two-volume edition first published in 1931.

Dover 993pp (2 volumes) $18

QUIET RUMORS: An Anarcha-Feminist Anthology

Along with Voltarine de Cleyre's essay "The Making of an Anarchist," the collection includes writings by anarcha-feminists from the early 1970s which "illustrate the clear parallels existing between feminist practice—non hierarchical, anti-authoritarian and de-centralist—and the theories of anarchism." —from the jacket.

Dark Star/Rebel Press 72 pp. $5

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Howard Zinn

"...engaging, informative, passionate and extremely well-written...the best critical survey of American history available." - from the Fifth Estate review of the book. (See Fall 1982 FE)

Harper & Row 614pp $8.95

ASSEMBLY LINE by B. Traven

A basket weaver in Mexico (but it could be any peasant culture) makes tiny, creative representations of his earthly world. An American sees the opportunity to make a profit from this Indian's poetic creations.

No pub. listed 28pp $1.50

THREAT BY EXAMPLE: A Documentation of Inspiration Compiled by Martin Sprouse

"Explodes with strikingly honest summaries of modern anarchist living, where idealism meets reality in troubled but creative defiance." — from the FE Summer 1989. Words and art from 27 people.

Pressure Drop Press 131pp (lg format) $7

UNTYING THE KNOT: Feminism, Anarchism & Organization.

Two essays, "The Tyranny of Structurelessness" by Jo Freeman and "The Tyranny of Tyranny" a reply by Cathy Levine, written in the early 1970s strongly influenced feminist and anarchist circles at that time and continue to be relevant today.

Dark Star/Rebel Press 23 pp. $ 1.50

worth reading.

Black & Red 144pp. $2.50

CZECHOSLOVAKIA 1968 by Petr Cerny

The tragedy of the Soviet invasion which conjures up images of Beijing in 1989 was marked equally by an amazing amount of self-organization and heroism. Also, included is a separate essay by Paul Avrich on the Makhnovist movement in the Ukraine which fought the Bolsheviks for an anarcho-communist revolution.

Solidarity 49pp (lg format) $3

BREAKING FREE: The Adventures of TinTin
by J. Daniels

A book length comic which chronicles the beginnings of a revolution as TinTin and his pals battle unions and the cops. What starts as a small labor action quickly confronts the legitimacy of the state. It rather follows the scenario of *The Free* in demonstrating realistically how self-organization for revolt will occur.

Attack International 176pp $5

SOCIETY AGAINST THE STATE
by Pierre Clastres

Can there be a society that is not divided into oppressors and oppressed, or that refuses coercive state apparatuses? In this beautifully written book Pierre Clastres offers examples of South American Indian groups that, though without hierarchical leadership, were both affluent and complex. In so doing he refutes the usual negative definition of tribal society and poses its order as a radical critique of Western society.

Zone Books 218pp $11

WILLIAM BLAKE: Visionary Anarchist
by Peter Marshall

An introduction to Blake's world showing the light which shines beyond the cloudy mountain range of his symbolism. Blake shaped wondrous visions of freedom and love. His appeal lies precisely in his combination of the social and the sacred and what we would call today, the ecological. He was a revolutionary anarchist looking back to the gnostic anarchism of the Middle Ages that anticipated modern anti-authoritarianism and social ecology.

Freedom Press 69pp. $5.00

ECODEFENSE: A FIELD GUIDE TO MONKEYWRENCHING
Edited by Dave Foreman and Bill Haywood
Forward by Edward Abbey

This new, revised and enlarged second edition contains everything the wilderness defender needs to know about how to disable, dismantle, blow-up, tear down, break, burn, destroy or otherwise stop the machinery, equipment, buildings, vehicles, etc. of those who are raping the earth for profit. Sabotage techniques are richly detailed with diagrams, first hand accounts and "field notes."

Ned Ludd Books 311pp $12

FOUR ARGUMENTS FOR THE ELIMINATION OF TELEVISION
by Jerry Mander

Mander goes beyond his title to look at all of spectacular society. Television doesn't just have "bad" content, but changes how we perceive the world. Experience is no longer direct, but mediated by television through centralized and unified images. The result is a loss of the sensuous world and a passive, easily manipulated population.

Quill 371pp $8.00

BEYOND GEOGRAPHY: The Western Spirit Against the Wilderness
by Frederick Turner

Traces the "spiritual history" that led up to the European domination and decimation of the Western Hemisphere's native peoples who were as rich in mythic life as the new arrivals were barren. Beginning with the first separation from the Wilderness in the days of the Israelites, and thus from the myths that had nurtured them and connected them with the land, and ending with Buffalo Bill's hollow triumphs over his "Wild West," Turner follows the unconscious desire in the Western invaders for the spiritual contentment they sensed in those "primitives" they encountered.

Rutgers U. Press 329pp $14

Exemplary Life

Continued from page 11

those who have themselves been radicalized will see traces of their own lives in the relationship between Fredy and his brother, a talented and intelligent person who whole-heartedly embraced U.S. culture and went the road of middle class life. One may get the impression from the book that there never was any choice for Fredy, but that is simply not true. He lived the same struggles with his desires and his conscience, both as a young person and later, for example, during his brief academic career, as do we all. But Fredy did yearn for something other than what his brother and so many others have chosen, carrying within him a voracious hunger for authentic experience and understanding, and little ambition in the terms of this world.

From Rebel to Revolutionary

The nothingness of life in the 1950s seems to have done to Fredy what it did to so many others, and as a youth he set out from Kentucky in his car and drove straight to Los Angeles, where, archetypically, he went to sleep on the beach by the Pacific after spending his last few cents on coffee and cigarettes. In LA, he enrolled at UCLA and became involved in the *Daily Bruin*, the student paper, participating in a high-spirited struggle against the anti-communist witch-hunts on the campus that McCarthyites had dubbed "the little red school house." When that fight was essentially lost, he found his way to New York City, to Columbia University and engagement with radical sociologist C. Wright Mills (who strongly influenced him), and to the young music student from Iowa, Lorraine Nybakken, who became his lifelong companion. After a period of vigorous intellectual activity and political involvement, they decided to abandon the U.S. with its growing war hysteria for life in Europe, where they spent nearly four years.

Many of Fredy's pivotal intellectual and political interests were formed in this period, both in New York and in Yugoslavia: the desire to understand civilization systematically, to find a critical coherence; particularly, the analysis of empire that informed so much of his work, allowing him to revolutionize marxian thinking and to move beyond its assumptions of technological progress. His experiences and studies in Yugoslavia helped him later to describe the emergence of capitalist relations (no matter what their labels) and to appreciate and defend the values of those vernacular societies bulldozed by so-called progress and development.

But it was Paris '68 that truly galvanized Fredy, as it did so many others. Whatever he was and thought before passing through that crucible, he would be forever changed. The revolutionary upheaval in France brought him into contact with dangerous new ideas and radical traditions he had not previously known. The watershed of 1968 led him eventually back to the U.S., to revolutionary publishing and to Detroit.

If 1968 and its aftermath led Fredy to investigate the mysterious process of alienation by which human beings reproduce their own misery, as well as the process by which they resist and thus renew what is human in themselves, the experience of organizing and working on the Detroit Printing Co-op project showed him in practical terms that people could cooperate and create communities, even under the myriad pressures of capitalist society. During that time as well, as Lorraine's marvelous insight in retrospect observes, their motor trip to Alaska opened his eyes more than ever before to the terrible cleft between humanity and the natural world, and then inevitably to deeper, sometimes obscure, but always fruitful questions about the process of domestication of nature and human beings. One detects his later "primitivism" taking seed in this period, only to become manifest afterward, during the late 1970s and early 1980s, as our intense discussions and arguments—often around the kitchen table at Fredy and Lorraine's house on Detroit's southwest side—led us to a deeper conception of politics: a critique of civilization itself.

An Exemplary Life

Fredy, always skeptical of programs and ideologies, of all "isms," had shied away from party politics in the 1950s and 1960s and had wisely declined to become a pro-situ ideologue in the 1970s. Fredy reassessed politics, even revolutionary politics in his search for new paths to social transformation and human self-realization. Eventually, he immersed himself in the study of native peoples, looking for ways to subvert and retell History's official, falsified story. This was the project in which he was so intensely engaged when his life was cut short by a body that could not match his spirit.

Lorraine Perlman has done a fine job of revealing many aspects of Fredy's life that give a sense of the man and his ideas. She has also accurately (probably even a bit generously) captured the community life here in which Fredy and Lorraine participated so actively. Her direct and unadorned style lets Fredy's life speak for itself; one cannot help but see it as exemplary.

I mean exemplary not in the sense of being entirely and consistently correct or somehow saintly. Claims of sainthood and larger-than-life heroism are for the kinds of racketeers that Fredy and Lorraine critiqued in many of their Black & Red publications. Fredy was completely human: generous, supportive, loyal, with a streak of zaniness, but also capable of being unyielding in disagreements, occasionally suspicious of other people's motives, even petty.

Fredy was exemplary, nevertheless, because his personal trajectory was representative of a time when rebels had to reexamine their forms of revolt and their lives as they found them being conquered and colonized by the very forces they had originally set out to oppose. Thus, his politics matured into a deepening refusal that overlapped with a corresponding affirmation of things that modern politics forgets: the toughness, self-reliance and creative resilience of traditional cultures, the manifold ways in which individuals manage to grow by breaking through the cracks in civilization's concrete, the need to remember and the need to sing. As Gary Snyder has written in *The Old Ways*, "At very bottom is the question 'how do you prepare your mind to become a singer.' " Fredy grappled with this question even as his physical heart was giving out.

My main criticism of the book is that there is too little of Lorraine in it. She argues that this is not full-fledged biography but a memoir; and, one must concede, she has done the writing and thus is not obliged to tell more than she has. Fair enough; the story is still powerful. It overflows its subject, as it should, to his milieu, his time, and to the large questions with which he struggled—the possibility of freedom, of reconstituting human community, of reconnecting with the rhythms of the natural world, of simply maintaining one's integrity under capitalism. The book affirms the possibility that people can survive, change, even thrive.

We live in grim times, indeed. And the book did not let me forget this reality either. I was somehow reminded of how far things have gone since the appearance of the mechanized dead thing he called Leviathan, particularly in the final chapters. I think that Fredy chose to explore the possibility of singing in fact because so many forms of resistance appeared exhausted and problematic.

But his singing reminds us that anything —and perhaps everything—is still possible, that the Golden Age, as Rousseau once remarked, still lies *within us.* Thus I, too, will confess, along with Lorraine, that I feel privileged to have known him and to have shared a part of his journey.

—George Bradford

MORE NEWS & Reviews

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sell cheap tea and coffee, magazines, books and have a large resource library of radical books and magazines. Hours: 7-11 p.m. Sun-Thurs. No phone but please contact them about stocking your publications. The Black and the Read, c/o James, PO Box 16156, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, TN 37996-4900.

Bayou La Rose No. 31 $1.00 to 302 N. "J" St., Apt. No. 3, Tacoma WA 98403.

This tabloid newspaper format features articles about indigenous peoples, rainforest deforestation, and workplace struggles. Striking images by Carlos Cortez grace the covers.

There are human rights articles about Nigerian women struggling against genital mutilation, imprisoned North American Indian activists, Red Knife and Leonard Peltier, imprisoned Wobbly, John Perotti, Malaysian indigenous people who are threatened by deforestation, and anarchist prisoner, Michael Stotts.

Among the various quotes from all over, a "womyn A from Belfast" is credited with "You have touched a womyn. You have struck a rock. You will be crushed."

No doubt an anarchist woman said this. However, when I first heard a similar quote it was credited to have come out of the South African freedom struggle during the march on Pretoria in 1956 when 20,000 women sang these words:

Now that you have touched a woman
You have struck a rock;
You have dislodged a boulder;
You will be crushed.

—Bill Withers

Black Eye Mid-Summer 1989 $1.50 to 339 Lafayette, Suite 2, NYC 10012.

This digest-sized zine covers workplace resistance, squatting, and the use of terror for revolutionary purposes.

The piece on making your time at work your own time by bp emmfatick was entertaining. Duane Holmes' article about drugs and black nationalism was a bit disconcerting.

Bob Erler's commentary on anarchism was sensible and hopeful while Mary Shelly's article was inspiring about squat-

Continued on page 28

Innu People Resist NATO

Continued from Page 2

Ecologically, the war exercises have disturbed the migratory habits of the caribou. According to biologists, naturalists and the Innu, the herds' health is deteriorating in an alarming way. Dead fish have appeared on the shores of lakes contaminated by the fuel from the aircraft, and changes in beavers' eating habits have been observed.

Children in particular are susceptible to the "shuddering effect," an uncontrolable reaction to the panic that accompanies the jets' terrifying, unannounced noise. In addition to the harmful effects all people in the process of losing their identity experience (alcoholism, spouse abuse, etc.), miscarriages have been documented as being caused by the flights. And, on July 9, 1988, a young Innu woman was raped by a member of the Canadian Armed Forces. She attempted suicide five months later.

It is all too evident that the present number of military tests have greatly endangered the Innu people's territorial integrity, the environment, and their right to survive. Genocide is in progress and Canada bears a primary responsibility for the crime.

Since the fall of 1988, the Innu have shown a unique determination and integrity in their efforts to free their traditional territory from the Canadian and NATO military invasion. By the hundreds, the old as well as mothers with babies in their arms have often passively resisted by occupying the runways used by the fighter bombers, and they have had some success.

At a time when many Innu will spend several weeks or months in jail for attempting to stop the activities that our society is guilty of, their only hope is that we respond in great numbers to their appeal, and that we demonstrate a solidarity with them, a solidarity that may involve risk.

From a pamphlet distributed by La Coalition Contre L'OTAN au Nitassinan

For more information, call: 514-525-0765 or 514-340-9209; or write: Greg Penashue, NMIA, Box 119, Sheshatshiu, Nitassinan, Labrador, AOP1MO Canada.

—translated by Sandy Beach

FE Note: *Because of recent events in Eastern Europe, NATO has decided not to establish a permanent base at Goose Bay at this time. However, low level training flights in the Nitassinan are expected to increase significantly in the next year.*

According to La Coalition Contre L'OTAN au Nitassinan, a permanent NATO base would increase flights to more than 40,000 per year (more than 200 per day). At least nine more bombing areas would be established, along with an entire gamut of simulated "enemy" static targets. Experiments with a range of electro-magnetic waves, short waves, radiation, infra-reds, and lasers would take place. The base would bring over 67,300 strangers from sixteen countries to the area each year. The area and its people would be victim to huge military exercises involving up to ninety planes at a time with supersonic chases, producing extremely dangerous sonic booms.

Detroit SDS graffiti, 1970. Panther/white radical solidarity feared by the FBI. photo/FE archives

FBI War on the Black Panthers

Continued from Page 9

Geronimo Pratt.

Political Assassination. The FBI has been implicated in the outright physical elimination of selected political activists, often after other attempts at destroying their effectiveness had failed. The Bureau almost always used surrogates to perform such functions, but repeatedly provided the basic intelligence, logistics, or other elements necessary to "successful" operations. Following rival gang or local police murders of Black Panthers, FBI field offices, in memoranda to the Director's Office in Washington, D.C., would claim credit for contributing to these incidents.

COINTELPRO operations were first uncovered in 1971 after activists broke into an FBI field office in Media, Pennsylvania and stole files. Continued revelations in the last nineteen years have shown that COINTELPRO contributed significantly to the factional fighting that helped undermine dissident movements in the U.S. during the 1960s and 1970s.

The FBI's COINTELPRO came under fire and was officially discontinued in 1972. Its abuses are not just past history, though this is the slant the corporate media puts on the COINTELPRO stories they report. Targets of the program such as Geronimo Pratt, Mumia Abu-Jamal, and others are still imprisoned for crimes they did not commit. The sustained FBI campaign of disruption of Central America anti-intervention groups in the early 1980s, the supplying of the explosive device used in the MOVE bombing in Philadelphia in 1985, and the recent infiltration of Earth First! by an FBI operative suggests that COINTELPRO-type operations have become a permanent part of the U.S. government's efforts to neutralize certain political opposition.

The sobering conclusion is that the Bureau learned its lessons well from COINTELPRO exposure. The "war on drugs" now provides the cover COINTELPRO did previously for counter-insurgency activities in black and latino communities. The present public hysteria whipped up by the media could easily be used for political purposes. Perhaps the next time police proxies kill an activist in bed, the only justification necessary will be "evidence" of drug dealing.

Black Panther Political Prisoners

Continued from Page 9

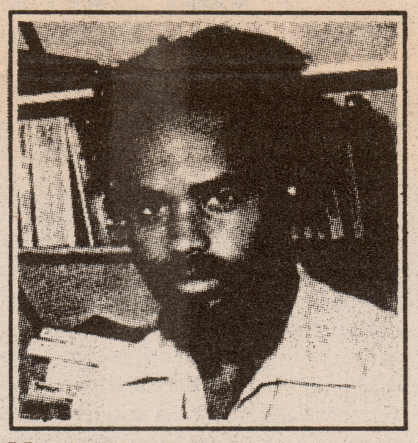
reveal that it had done both.

Finally, the FBI denied at trial that it had a "particular interest" in Pratt, but it was later established that he had been listed in the Bureau's "National Security Index" and his picture included in its "Black Extremist Photo Album" of individuals the FBI considered prime targets for what it termed "neutralization."

In August 1989, the California Adult Authority once again denied parole to Pratt. The reasons given were less blatantly political than the revealing statements made two years earlier by Assistant D.A. Visanni. The parole board claimed Pratt had not undertaken "socializing" group activities which would assist him in "securing employment" if released, and because he is a "heroin addict." This last part was later "revised" to indicate the board "believed" Pratt had "used heroin before entering prison," nearly 20 years earlier. The board made no comment at all on the fact that Geronimo has several standing job offers the day he leaves prison.

For more information contact:
Justice for Geronimo Campaign
214 Duboce Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94103
(415) 381-8424

Source: **New Studies on the Left**



Mumia Abu-Jamal is on death row in Pennsylvania, awaiting the electric chair at the state prison in Huntingdon. He is a former Black Panther Party member, an outspoken MOVE supporter, and a journalist called "the voice of the voiceless" for relentlessly championing the rights of the oppressed.

He has been a target of the Philadelphia police for 21 years. On December 8, 1981, in the City of Brotherly Love, a killer cop tried to murder Mumia in the streets. In an incident reminiscent of the 1967 Huey Newton shooting in Oakland, Mumia was seriously wounded in the stomach, made to sit bleeding on the curbside, and when finally taken to the hospital was handcuffed to his bed.

One of the assaulting cops was killed by a gun that was never found. Witnesses to the event did not describe Mumia as being the man who shot the cop. Instead, they described a short, heavy individual wearing his hair in an afro. Mumia is slender and over six feet tall and wears his hair in dreadlocks, as he had for several years prior to 1981. He was denied counsel of his own choice, and though Mumia requested it, the cop who arrested him was not allowed to testify.

The prosecution distorted his political philosophy in order to cast him as an intrinsically "violent black nationalist."

At the 1982 sentencing hearing, the prosecutor argued that Mumia deserved the death sentence because of his political history which in itself proved that the defendant believed in cop killing. To try to convince the jury (11 of whom were white) that the execution would never actually be carried out, the prosecution claimed Mumia would get "appeal after appeal after appeal" in which to have his sentence reduced.

On March 6, 1989, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court denied Mumia's last possible appeal to the state judicial process. On January 26, 1990, the same court denied his petition to reargue the appeal. His fate now rests with the U.S. Supreme Court, where Chief Racist William Rehnquist has made it clear that he considers death row appeals to be a waste of time, despite the fact that two condemned men—Randall Dale Adams and Clarence Brandley—were able to establish their innocence shortly prior to their scheduled executions in 1988.

The signs are that unless something truly dramatic happens, Mumia Abu-Jamal will die for an act he was never proven to have committed. Unlike Huey Newton's case, there has been very little protest or even commentary on his situation in "progressive" circles. The state has been able to pursue its efforts to lynch Mumia without even minimal public opposition.

Further information on Mumia's case and those of other political prisoners held in the U.S. can be obtained by writing the Partisan Defense Committee, a front group for the Spartacist League. Although in this case the efforts of these trots are admirable, most anti-authoritarians would find working with them to be intolerable. However, what will we do to prevent Mumia's execution?

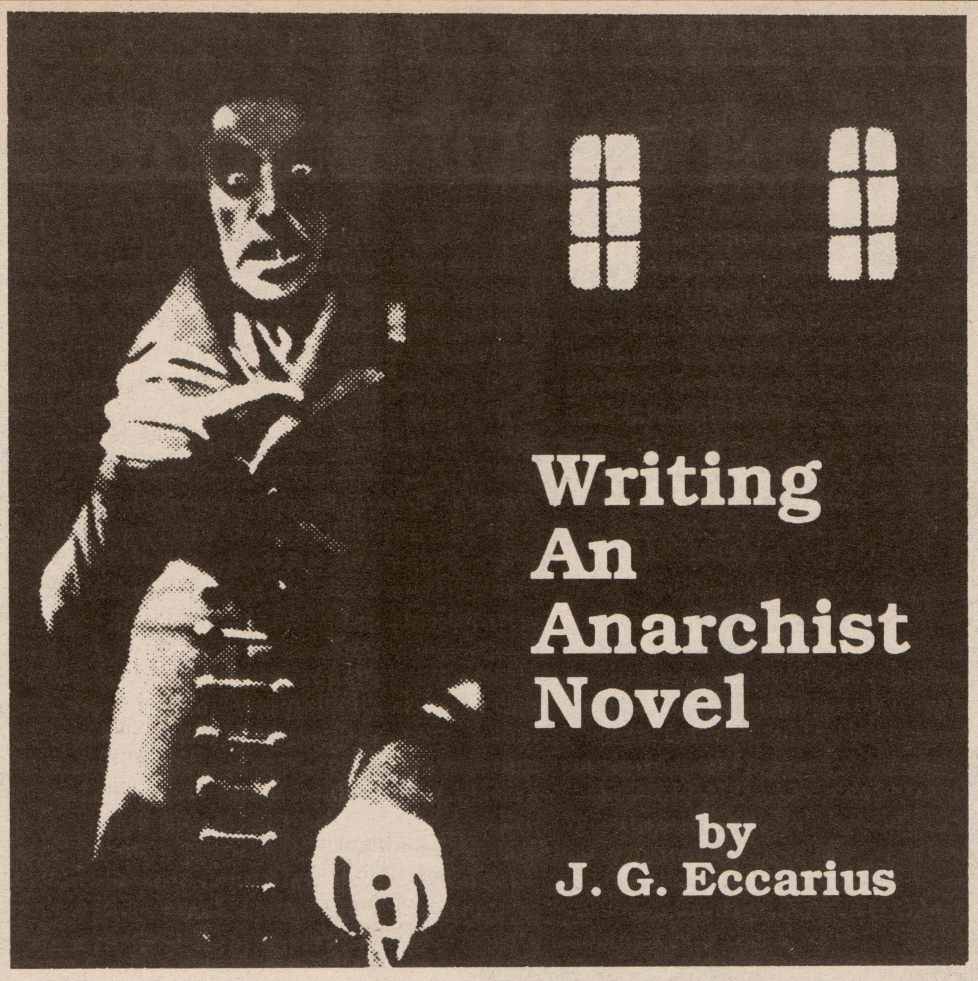
P.D.C.
P.O. Box 99, Canal St. Station
New York, N.Y. 10013

NEW YORK BLACK PANTHER FINALLY SPRUNG

On March 22, 1990, after 19 years (7 in isolation), Black Panther **Dhoruba al-Mujahid bin Wahad**, formerly Richard Moore, was released from prison. The state of New York was forced to overturn Dhoruba's conviction based on COINTELPRO disclosures and witnesses recanting perjured testimony. Dhoruba had been imprisoned for two years prior to this stretch, as one of the defendants in the "Panther 21" harassment trial of 1969-71.

His 21 years of imprisonment made Dhoruba one of the longest held political prisoners in the world.

FBI targeting of Dhoruba began to be uncovered piecemeal in the mid 1970s, but stalling and manuevering by the Bureau blocked release of key documents until 1986. Even then it took over three years of filing motions and winding through the rigged labyrinth of the justice system for Dhoruba to gain his freedom.



Writing An Anarchist Novel

by J. G. Eccarius

FE Note: The anarchist novel that J.G. Eccarius wrote is *The Last Days of Christ the Vampire,* excerpts from which appear in the box below. It was first published in 1988 with a second edition featuring a new front and back cover which includes a quote from the Fifth Estate describing *Last Days. . .* as "one of the most wildly blasphemous books we have seen since the classics of sacrilege."

The story has enough adventure, suspense and drama to be the stuff of a movie script, but needless to say its theme makes even its distribution in book form difficult.

It is available from FE Books for $6.00; for bulk orders contact: III Publishing, P.O. Box 620362, San Diego CA 92162.

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When I started writing *The Last Days of Christ the Vampire* I had no conscious intention of writing an anarchist novel. I merely wanted to spread the idea that if Jesus really rose from the dead, then that made him a vampire, not a god. As the novel developed from what was originally a short story, I began speculating on how anarchist principles would apply to fiction, and to some extent the finished novel reflects those principles.

Fortunately, the general intent of the novel made this process easier than it might have been. Experience has taught me that arguing with superstitious people has little effect; even demonstrating, before their eyes, that they are mistaken seldom produces more than momentary effect.

So I applied the ancient self-defense principle of letting the opponent do most of my work for me: I accepted the most ridiculous assertion of the Christians, that Jesus rose from the dead and that he is alive and still appears to people and orders them about.

The actual idea came to me from an old made-for-TV movie that had a Charlie Manson-type figure and his followers as vampires; and of course they made Charlie look like the spitting image of Jesus . I don't remember the name of the movie.

Resisting authority is a basic anarchist theme, so resisting a powerful vampire and its followers provided plenty of openings for demonstrating anarchist practices. That given, the most important question was who the book was for: was it to be for tried and true anarchists, for intellectuals, for Christians, or for anyone who can read?

Steinbeck and Traven

Sticking to principle, I attempted to write a book for anyone who can read. This led to many limitations in style that, paradoxically, gave me the freedom I needed to tell the story. I tried to keep the sentences and paragraphs short, and to avoid unusual words.

I tried to illustrate principles with the characters' actions, rather than lecture the reader, or have a character lecture the reader. I purposefully studied two authors who I believe are inspirational in this regards, John Steinbeck and B. Traven.

While I gave more depth to some characters than to others, I attempted to show contradictions and complexities in each. Jesus, back before he became a vampire, has good qualities, which combined with his bad qualities make him evil in a truly frightening way (modeled on Lenin, Stalin and Trotsky). The Professor, who is one of the good characters, has a number of faults commonly found in basically good human beings. The "heroes" are essentially nobodies: outcasts. Even the Professor is not really a professor, he is a college dropout.

I avoided making the vampire hunters into a sort of vanguard, though like all people in similar circumstances they were pushed in that direction. I left them out of the last chapter entirely; they may have sparked the revolution, but it was the Christians, awaking from their slumber, who burned the churches.

This disconcerted my reviewers quite a bit: people are used to a book where they can follow one character all the way through. To prevent the book from becoming too confusing to readers I kept it in a straight-line time sequence, with the exception of the loop to A.D. 33, and stuck to the theme, allowing it to develop as a social movement might.

Some people might say that anarchy would require one to jump around almost randomly, which might be an appropriate technique in some cases, but I had a story to tell that I wanted anyone who cared to to be able to follow.

Anarchism is Realism

I believe anarchism is realism, so I was amused that some people have characterized the novel as surrealistic. Reality includes the human mind and imagination: real Christians are essentially mentally ill, and that illness makes them react to learning about Christ the Vampire in much the same way as is shown in the book. The characters in the book don't believe it at first, but as they test reality against their beliefs, they entered the realm of confusion, of letting go of preconceptions, that creates the freedom necessary to get back in synch with reality.

There are only a few anarchist novels that I know of, but doubtless there are many others. B. Traven wrote some wonderful anarchist novels, most notably *The Death Ship* and the series known as the jungle novels (my favorite is *Rebellion of the Hanged*). He illustrated reality vividly, but he always narrated using one character for each work, though that person has to work with others to gain freedom.

He almost never mentioned the word anarchy, and was therefore thought by many readers to be a socialist Since his works are critiques of both social conditions and the ridiculousness of governments, I think it's fair to call them anarchistic.

Pervasiveness Of Christianity

As Traven did, I wanted to illustrate people gaining their freedom by cooperating with one another against authority.

It is clear just from looking at the pervasiveness of Christianity that no one hero could kill the vampire. Many, many people played roles in this cooperative effort, and the people in the book only serve as examples.

I also wanted the readers to have the opportunity to think for themselves. That is why I often had characters argue both sides of a question, and that is how I built suspense. I also used each chapter to paint a picture, leaving the developments between chapters to the readers' knowledge of reality and their imagination.

Finally, it was tempting to show off my erudition as Wilson and Shea did in the *Illuminatus Trilogy*. In their book it worked, in a way it was the whole point, but in most works this would simply distract the reader. It helps if the reader knows who Alexander Hamilton is, to understand my casting him as a vampire, but it isn't essential since through his words he makes his priorities clear. I do namecheck a few people: most readers won't know who H.P. Lovecraft was or that the Crucifucks were a real band, but after all, fun is fun.

— an excerpt —

The Last Days of Christ the Vampire

All over America they came to the recruiting centers. Few were inspired by patriotism, though all were patriots. All were Americans looking for the best deal they could get.

Perhaps they had failed in school or were lacking in spirit. More often they wanted to escape the place they had grown up in, whether it was a ghetto or a strict, domineering family. They took some tests, asked some questions, signed, reported for service when and where they were supposed to, were clipped and examined.

A few cc's of blood. Some went to the base lab and was tested for type and signs of disease. One cubic centimeter was frozen and forwarded with the others to the Blood Sample Section in Arlington, Va. But this was only a transhipment point to a place nearby: the Pentagon.

At intervals a white van would make the delivery. A sergeant would always be there to take it in a dolly. He would walk to an unmarked elevator that few people knew the purpose of and fewer still had a key to. The elevator sped downward almost putting the sergeant in free fall for a moment. It crushed him to the floor as it stopped.

The two armed guards in private uniforms eyed him without the hint of recognition in their faces that normal humans would have. Yet they recognized him and let him pass without a word. He walked down the hall, pushing the blood-laden dolly. He passed by doors until he came to one that looked like all the others. He removed a key from his pocket and unlocked the door. Two more of the guards were inside. Beyond them was a massive steel door which was not locked. The massive bolt slid easily at his touch. He stepped inside a steel-lined room, still pushing the dolly. There was yet another door to the room, but instead he pushed the dolly over to a small, wall-safe-like door.

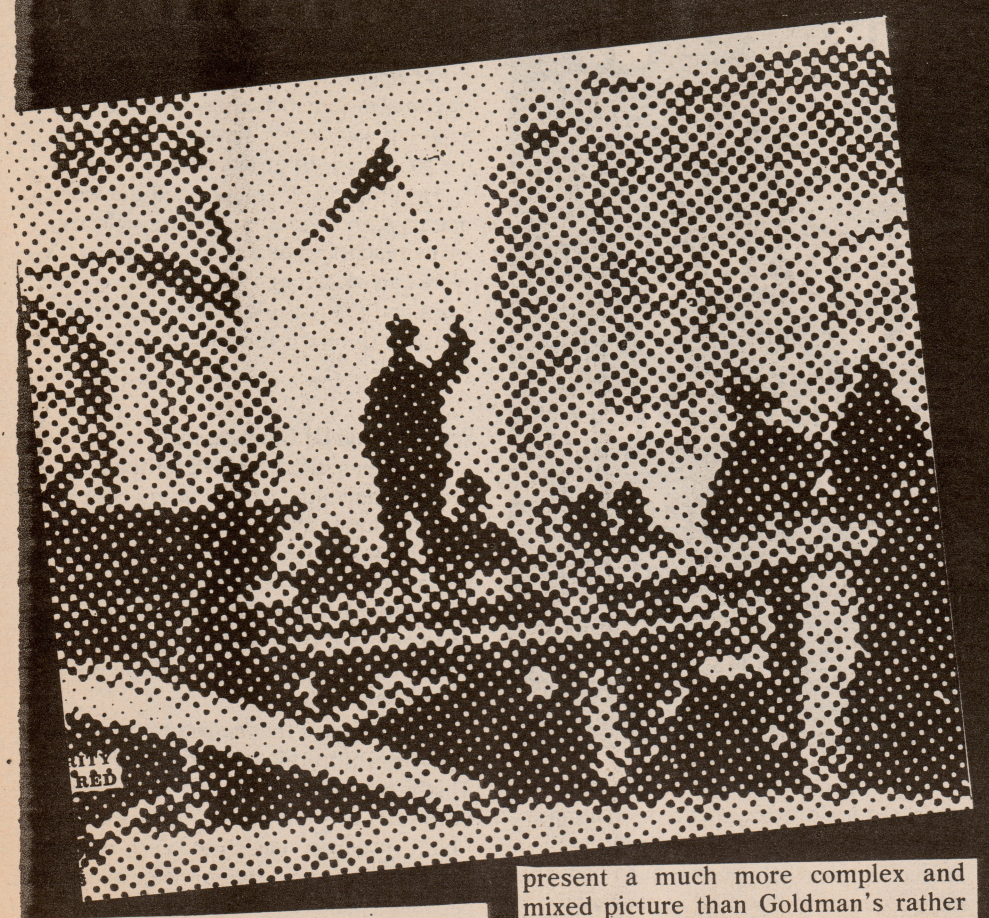
—from *The Last Days of Christ the Vampire*

He unpacked the blood, opened the door, and placed the blood in the chamber. Then he took the dolly and packing out of the room, past the guards and back to the corridor. The trash he placed in a container for that purpose, the dolly was placed in a utility room. Then he went back to his room, which contained a cot and a desk. He opened his bible and began to read where he had left off. The words were in Greek.

Continued on Page 32

— an exchange —

Emma Goldman & The Russian Revolution



Dear *Fifth Estate*:

While I appreciate David Porter's long and serious review of my book, *Emma Goldman in Exile*, (See *FE* Winter 1990), I'd like to take issue with some of his points. Porter criticizes my "intrusiveness" for allegedly imposing my own political agenda on Goldman's life, without making my politics explicit. Possibly he is right that I should have laid out my criteria for judgment more clearly.

I am not an anarchist, but closer to a libertarian socialist position. But his real argument seems to be with my interpretations of the Russian and Spanish revolutions, and what he takes to be my "apologia for Leninism." Indeed, how one sees Goldman's life in exile depends a good deal on how one views the revolutions in Russia and in Spain.

Here is where a biographer of Emma Goldman faces a considerable difficulty. Goldman not only lived and worked for thirty years in the United States, she also became involved in two of the greatest revolutions of the twentieth century. There is a vast literature about Russia and Spain, arguing many different points of view. Trying to place Goldman in the context of her times poses immense problems, because the context itself is such contested terrain.

Anybody writing about Goldman has to read an enormous amount of Russian and Spanish history and ultimately make a choice about whom to believe. If you read the younger social historians writing about Russia today —Stephen F. Cohen, Moshe Lewin, Sheila Fitzpatrick for example—you get a picture of Soviet Russia in 1920 and 1921 quite different from that of Emma Goldman. This is not to say that these historians try to justify or defend the Bolsheviks, but rather that they present a much more complex and mixed picture than Goldman's rather simplistic version of an "inherently" totalitarian, monolithic, unchanging dictatorship.

Similarly, if you read Emma Goldman's views on Spain along with those of some of the best historians writing about Spain—Paul Preston for example, recommended to me by the British anarchist Vernon Richards—you get a picture of Goldman as both insightful and wrongheaded. In placing Goldman within the Spanish context, I was certainly influenced by what Preston, Peirats, Broue and Temime, and Richards had to say, and even Orwell in "Looking Back on the Spanish War," as well as the better known *Homage to Catalonia* and Porter's own book, *Vision on Fire*.

Porter criticizes me for imposing my own views on the past, but he seems unwilling to take into account the great amount of material available about the period when Goldman was writing. He seems more interested in attacking me than in addressing the actual historical questions, or in presenting his own alternative interpretations.

For whom did Emma Goldman speak in 1920, and whose interests did she serve? What impact did she have on the prevailing discourse about Russia in the West? Certainly Goldman was not the first Western radical to criticize the Bolsheviks. Plenty of socialists and anarchists had done so before her, such as Bertrand Russell and John Spargo and Rudolph Rocker, as well as many conservatives and liberals.

Goldman, however, could speak with greater authority than most other critics, because she had been there, spoke Russian, and because she had once been a passionate pro-Soviet defender. She also had wide access to the anti-Soviet capitalist press, which was eager to print her attacks—the New York Times, the New York World, the London Times for example. Does Porter really think she had no influence at all?

Furthermore, the crucial issue for the West in the early 1920s vis-a-vis Russia was whether to normalize relations with the Bolsheviks or to isolate Russia through non-recognition and denial of trade and credit relations. Most Russians, whether pro-Soviet or anti-Soviet, wanted closer relations with the West, which they felt would ease the internal dictatorship and make things easier for dissidents. It would also help Russia rebuild after seven catastrophic years of war (1914-1921).

Goldman herself admitted on occasion that she favored diplomatic recognition and normalization of relations with Soviet Russia by the West. Yet her book *My Disillusionment* and most of her statements implicitly argue for opposing or isolating Russia further. And indeed, Russia remained a pariah state for most of the 1920s, with the United States refusing to recognize that country until 1933.

One has to remember that Goldman's anticommunism, even though it came from an anarchist perspective, was the prevailing wisdom about Russia in the West, and even the Left was deeply divided in its attitude toward the Bolsheviks. Her vision of herself as "a voice in the wilderness" was extremely exaggerated. To speak out against the Soviet Union placed one in the mainstream, not on the margins.

The deeper problem, though, lay with Goldman's claim that the Bolsheviks, as Marxists, were inherently and inevitably totalitarian, monolithic and incapable of change. Her arguments anticipated the later Cold War claims of Western Sovietologists regarding the Evil Empire of Russia. Such views, in my opinion and that of many historians, obscured rather than enhanced Western understanding of Russia and helped strengthen the Cold War and the militarization of both Russia and the U.S.

Clearly, Goldman in her heart was writing to warn radicals in the West, both socialists and anarchists, not to follow the Russian model of revolution. This was an extremely important point, and Emma Goldman was certainly prescient. But her work addressed to mainstream audiences in the Western mainstream press clearly had a different impact.

Perhaps the more important question for the biographer, though, is not whether Emma Goldman was "right" or "wrong" about Russia, but why she saw Russia the way she did, what influences, conditions, preconceptions, expectations, values, may have shaped her angle of vision. Clearly Goldman's critique grew out of her anarchist commitments, and her view of the Bolshevik regime as a dictatorship over the proletariat did not differ too much from that of other anarchists who sooner or later turned against the Bolsheviks.

I certainly did not mean to reduce her political opposition to a psychological complaint. However, she herself felt quite strongly that her point of view had been influenced by her emotional state following her deportation. One clear symptom of her depression in Russia, in my view, was her lack of interest in the impact of the revolution on women—which after all had been one of her great concerns in the United States—and her failure to pursue any leads to explore or study the situation of Russian women. To deny the psychological element, then, would be to deny the legitimacy of her own subjectivity, to claim to speak for her in ways that were not true to her own experience, to impose on her our own need for heroes.

Recent events especially raise new questions about Emma Goldman's life. Emma would have been thrilled by the growing liberalization in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, but disturbed by the apparent rush toward capitalism. She would also have been surprised, I think, at the extent to which Communist regimes have shown themselves more capable of transformation than capitalist ones, which remain staunchly entrenched. And she would have been dismayed by the persistence of anti-Semitism and rising tides of nationalism, with renewed threats of pogroms.

So perhaps the important point is to reconsider her life in light of these events, and to ask what else we may learn from her today.

Sincerely,
Alice Wexler
Riverside, California

David Porter replies:

Not surprisingly, I find that Alice Wexler's response to my review contains some of the same strengths and weaknesses I described about her book. I'm willing to believe Wexler when she says that she did not intend to reduce Goldman's "political opposition to a psychological complaint." I also welcome her statement that it is less important for a biographer to question whether Emma Goldman was "right" or "wrong" about Russia [or Spain, etc.] than to seek to understand "why she saw Russia the way she did."

However, I still believe that the overall nature of Wexler's book obscured readers' awareness of Goldman's vision through a constant barrage of negative psychological and political commentary suggesting Goldman's lack of credibility. This *de facto* censorship prevented us from hearing Goldman's perspective in the first place, let alone understanding the influences, values, etc. which "shaped her angle of vision."

Having spoken with other readers of the book, I know I am not alone in this impression of the book's effect. Con-

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State Murder of a Black Panther

Continued from Page 8

quickly paid to fix the wall and replace a stove in which some of the buckshot had lodged, hoping his grandmother would not make a fuss.

As a grammar school kid, George played in this neighborhood and had eaten free meals in one of the three Breakfast for Children programs the Chicago Panthers had started. He had also gone through the apartment with thousands of others who had lined the block in the cold December weather. The Panthers had opened the apartment to the community the night of the raid, and kept it open for twelve days to provide concrete evidence of official lies, until the police seized and sealed it.

Attacks on the Office

I turned George onto some facts I knew of: the FBI Counterintelligence Program (COINTELPRO), and Bureau complicity in police murder of militant blacks across the U.S. I also told him what I had read about the summer raids that had left holes in the nearby BPP office.

During a June 4, 1969 FBI attack, G-men had smashed the front door in and taken eight Chicago Panthers into custody without resistance. In the second floor office they confiscated all files, lists of contributers and supporters, and much of the office equipment itself. On July 16, Panther Larry Roberson was killed in an altercation reported by Chicago police as a shoot-out between two cops and two Panthers.

On July 31, the cops attacked the office again, by pulling up outside and opening fire. The three Panthers inside resisted. The ensuing firefight left five cops and all three Panthers wounded. On October 4, city cops hit the office yet again. They smashed typewriters and destroyed medical supplies. Not to be outdone by the feds, police then moved up to the third floor and set fire to boxes of cereal destined for the free breakfast programs. Like defoliating jungles and mining rice paddles in Vietnam, counter-insurgency has come home.

Destroying Evidence?

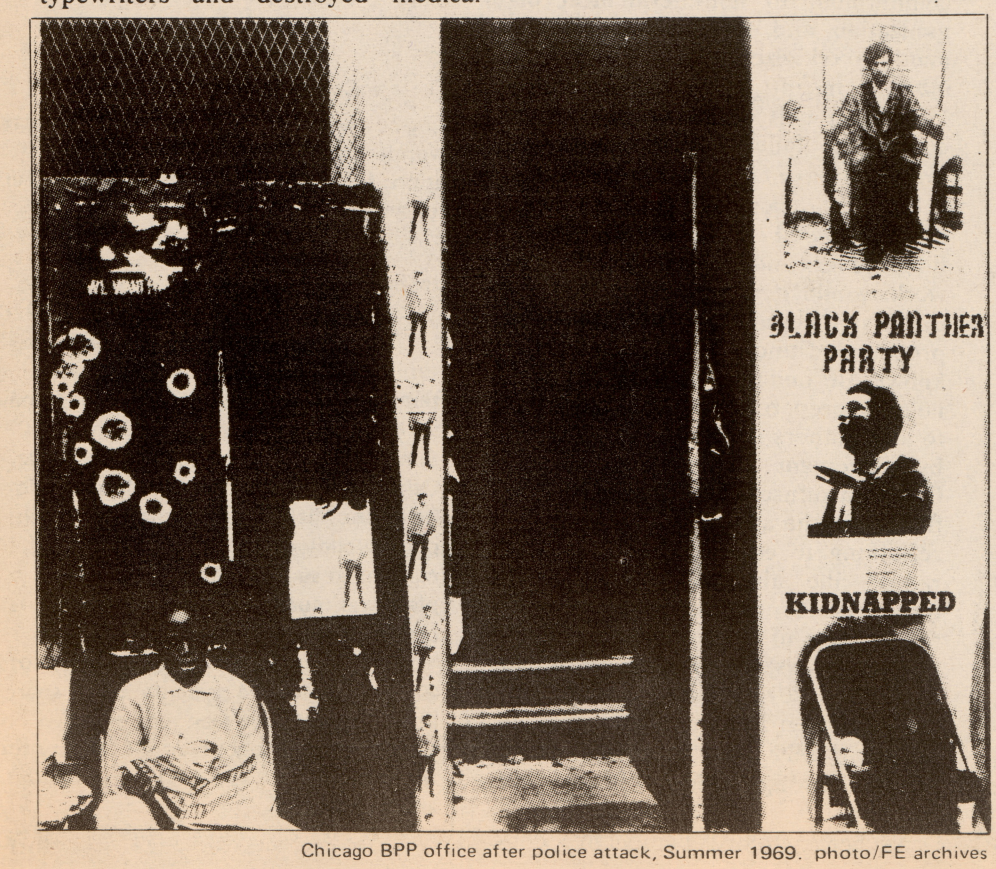
We walked up to West Madison to see the party office building, but on arrival all was not as George remembered it. As we stood and pondered, a well-dressed passerby heard us talking and said, "It was here. The Panther office? Here."

He pointed to a long empty lot between the two old buildings we were looking at. It was fenced off and had a fancy car parked inside. No bullet holes left to see. As we headed back toward his place, George spoke on, about Hampton's funeral, and of how cops still cruise down West Monroe and point out the apartment.

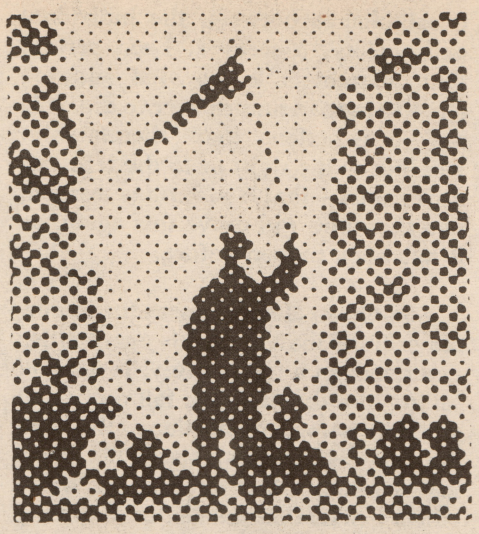
George said he had seen buildings in the neighborhood decay like #2337 before. Usually if no one bought and demolished them, the city came and did it themselves. We shrugged, agreeing that this was probably the destiny of Fred Hampton's apartment. As long as it stands, it is a visual reminder of days when threat to the status quo and the resulting reaction caused the veneer of "justice" and "freedom" to fall away and leave only brutal repression.

I had memorized the address by then, so I got George's zip and promised to send him more information as I came across it. I walked back to the train station, woozy on the experience and 32 ounces of beer in a little over an hour. Things hummed along on the city streets, big work trucks roared by and I wondered if anyone knew what had happened here. Judging from my quick stop in the neighborhood, I guess they do.

—by Rob R. History



Chicago BPP office after police attack, Summer 1969. photo/FE archives



Exchange on Goldman

Continued from Page 26

trary to Wexler's belief, it is this censorship, rather than Wexler's interpretations of the Russian and Spanish revolutions, which I find most objectionable.

Of course, I do disagree with Wexler's political interpretations. A short book review and a shorter response to the author's response is inadequate space for defining the reasons for our difference. I'm sure, however, that Wexler has read enough from Goldman and other anarchists to understand my position.

Furthermore, I'm fully confident that if Emma Goldman had all the benefits of data and hindsight currently available to the scholars cited by Wexler, Goldman's perspective would sound just as sophisticated as their own—while remaining, I think, very much consistent with her general orientation of the 1920s and 30s.

It seems clear from the book (and her response here) that while Wexler has read her anarchist sources, she has chosen (as she is certainly free to do) to remain outside of the influence of what she regards as anarchism's "limited" and "obsessive" perspective (pp. 231, 242). Her politics cause her 1) to assert that because Goldman foresaw in Russia an inherently unchanging dictatorship, she would have been surprised at current developments in Eastern Europe (rather than distinguishing, as anarchists would, between what a regime chooses to do and what is forced upon it by popular resistance); 2) to state that "the crucial issue for the West in the early 1920s vis-a-vis Russia was whether to normalize relations with the Bolsheviks" (rather than, as anarchists believed, whether and how a vanguardist movement could successfully co-opt a mass-based social revolution which had begun to provide tremendous inspiration for workers in the West); and 3) to state that Goldman's position against the Soviet Union was in the "mainstream" not the margins (rather than to underscore that Goldman's sense of tragedy of a betrayed *revolution* was not at all in the "mainstream" of Western media and elitist politicians).

Whether Emma Goldman *should* have used the mainstream press as a means for communicating her social revolutionary critique is a legitimate question—one which was posed to Goldman in the 1920s by some of her anarchist comrades. This dilemma continues to be posed today. But in any case, Wexler apparently never attempted the detailed research needed —if possible—to truly determine whether Goldman's writings about the Russian revolution and Bolshevik regime had *any* significant impact on an already ardently anti-Boilshevik Western "mainstream."

Finally, I agree that Emma Goldman would have been thrilled by the fact of apparent changes in present-day Eastern Europe. However, I'm confident that her enthusiasm for grassroots initiatives would have been matched by her appropriately critical eye toward the rapid conversion of *nomenklatura* to capitalist entrepreneurs—and the continued domination of local populations by hierarchical regimes of different colors.

I endorse Wexler's suggestion that we reconsider Emma Goldman's life in light of the events of Eastern Europe and ask what else we may learn from her today. However, I remain doubtful that we'll come to similar conclusions.

David Porter
New Paltz, N.Y.

FE response: "An apologia for Leninism" seems no less accurate a description of Wexler's views after reading her statement that somehow the Bolshevik imposture, their counter-revolutionary seizure of the state apparatus and its draconion application is anything less than an "inherently totalitarian, monolithic, unchanging dictatorship."

Wexler's lurid suggestions that Emma Goldman was "mainstream" (when in fact she attacked soviet tyranny and western capitalism with equal vigor) and somehow a predecessor to modern neo-conservative ideologues, are, in a word, repugnant. Wexler would have us believe that Goldman somehow had something in common with the likes of Jean (the death squad queen) Kirkpatrick. Goldman is held responsible for the Cold War because her exposures of the soviet betrayals of world revolution "obscured rather than enhanced Western understanding" (an utterly bankrupt, liberal formula that conceals the reality behind cut-throat imperialist competition and counter-insurgency). Her message can only be that Goldman and other revolutionaries should have kept their mouths shut—a by now well-worn variant of the leftist saw "subjectively revolutionary but objectively counterrevolutionary."

Another word—*dishonest*—comes to mind. It is one thing for a biographer to explore the psychological motivations of her subject, quite another to manipulate psychological analysis to promote her own authoritarian legitimations of dictatorship.

In support of Emma Goldman's views then and ours, now, may we offer the following volumes:

History of the Makhnovist Movement
by Peter Arshinov $10
Bolsheviks & Workers Control
by Maurice Brinton $3
The Russian Tragedy
by Alexander Berkman $6
The Kronstadt Uprising
by Ida Mett $3.50
Living My Life
by Emma Goldman $18

All are available from FE Books. Please use order form on bookstore page.

Emma Goldman: An Appreciation

Continued from Page 7

enhance the logic of our ideas. And it should also give us greater courage to go on and on so long as there is a breath of life in us."[3]

V

Goldman's fundamentally *anarchist* self-identity and vision of political change are elements neglected or misinterpreted by some of her biographers. It is accurate to portray Emma Goldman as an early, courageous and articulate spokesperson for various causes. But in the effort to paint Goldman *primarily* as a forerunner or an especially articulate propagandist of a particular social cause or to place her within broader socialist, progressive liberal or feminist "movement" traditions whose legacies extend to the present, the visionary wellspring of Goldman's activism is usually lost. Emma Goldman was an anarchist. Everything starts from there. Not that there is one single definition or vision of the anarchist ideal. But the deep emotional impulses of Emma Goldman's personal rebelliousness against injustice and for liberation found their greatest clarity through the anarchist lens.

It was through a coherent, articulate anarchist perspective, not socialist, liberal or feminist frameworks, that Emma Goldman chose her particular issues of struggle. In the process, she not only followed the intellectual paths of anarchist comrades of her own time but also personally expanded an articulate anarchist critique and activism—especially in the realms of sexual freedom and women's liberation. The centrality of her anarchism should be clear.

"It has often been suggested to me that the Constitution of the United States is a sufficient safeguard for the freedom of its citizens. It is obvious that even the freedom it pretends to guarantee is very limited. I have not been impressed with the adequacy of the safeguard. The nations of the world, with centuries of international law behind them, have never hesitated to engage in mass destruction when solemnly pledged to keep the peace; and the legal documents in America have not prevented the United States from doing the same. Those in authority have and always will abuse their power. And the instances when they do not do so are as rare as roses growing on icebergs. Far from the Constitution playing any liberating part in the lives of the American people, it has robbed them of the capacity to rely on their own resources or do their own thinking. Americans are so easily hoodwinked by the sanctity of law and authority.

. . . .

I consider Anarchism the most beautiful and practical philosophy that has yet been thought of in its application to individual expression and the relation it establishes between the individual and society. Moreover, I am certain that Anarchism is too vital and too close to human nature ever to die. It is my convinction that dictatorship, whether to the right or to the left, can never work—that it never has worked, and that time will prove this again, as it has been proved before.

. . . .

Anarchism alone stresses the importance of the individual, his possibilities and needs in a free society. Instead of telling him that he must fall down and worship before institutions, live and die for abstractions, break his heart and stunt his life for taboos, Anarchism insists that the center of gravity in society is the individual—that he must think for himself, act freely, and live fully. The aim of Anarchism is that every individual in the world shall be able to do so. If he is to develop freely and fully, he must be relieved from the interference and oppression of others. Freedom is, therefore, the cornerstone of the Anarchist philosophy. Of course this has nothing in common with a much boasted 'rugged individualism.' Such predatory individualism is really flabby, not rugged. At the least danger to its safety it runs to cover of the state and walls for protection of armies, navies, or whatever devices for strangulation it has at its command. Their 'rugged individualsm' is simply one of the many pretenses the ruling class makes to unbridled business and political extortion. [4]

VI

Goldman also proved beyond question that the themes and writings of anarchist communism which emerged in late 19th century Europe could be meaningfully translated for appeal to North Americans of both socialist and liberal backgrounds. She was not the only one to do this. But through her frequent speaking tours and by producing *Mother Earth* for over ten years, she became by far the best known and most effective exponent of this perspective.

Though she died in exile in 1940, in the mid-1960s she re-emerged as a fascinating and powerful influence in both the women's movement and among radicals. Because of her mastery of the North American idiom, her familiarity with the activist milieu, her perspectives and even much of her actual phrasing seem absolutely contemporary and relevant. She was also well-versed in the European movement, personally acquainted with many European anarchists, and experienced with living, observing, lecturing or political organizing in several European countries (the Soviet Union, Germany, France, Britain and Spain), and Emma Goldman's influence on that continent was also significant and has had a revival since the 1960s.

VII

I insist that if we are willing to be critical of our opponents we should be even more critical of our own comrades. I admit it is harder to find fault with our own than it is with our enemies. But is this not the principal trait of Anarchism which differentiates us from other political groups?" [5]

"I have learned through experience that ideas are one thing and life another. Whether we want it or not life imposes certain changes in our outlook or simply passes us by." [6]

"Whatever the price our comrades are paying in Spain they evidently had to have their own, they had to act according to their own lights and not according to ours. However I am not so sure that we in their place would have been wiser and more consistent than our comrades. Don't you agree that there is a large amount of vanity in every one of us to think that we would have acted otherwise? We insist on our superior knowledge and understanding for events in private life as well as for large social issues. We are never willing to admit that we actually do not know how we would act were we in the place of those we so readily hold up to scorn and condemnation until some emergency arises. The older I grow the surer I become that it is extremely difficult to decide a mode of action for either ourselves or others. All that we can really be sure of is that we mean to try honestly to act in keeping with our ideas and our faith." [7]

"I believe that Anarchism can not consistently impose an iron-clad program or method on the future. The things every new generation has to fight, and which it can least overcome, are the burdens of the past, which holds us all as in a net. Anarchism, at least as I understand it, leaves posterity free to develop its own particular systems, in harmony with its needs. Our most vivid imagination can not foresee the potentialities of a race set free from external restraints. How, then, can any one assume to map out a line of conduct for those to come? We, who pay dearly for every breath of pure, fresh air, must guard against the tendency to fetter the future." [8]

While Goldman was well aware of how "movement superstar" status fatally seduced many of her contemporaries, her own talents and public role—constantly made more spectacular by the paranoia of politicians and the sensationalism of the press—objectively placed her at the same level of attention. But Goldman's anarchist commitment to non-hierarchical organization and free speech, to the need to criticize oneself as well as others, meant that any budding "Goldman cult of personality" was doomed to failure. The present-day proliferation of "Emma Goldman" collectives, cooperatives and bookstores, as well as the various recent biographies and anthologies of her work, would have pleased her to the extent that her anarchist principles are propounded and have become better known. Beyond that, however, she was no more prepared herself than she was to allow others to be reified or deified by movement status or popularity. Goldman refused to "protect" her influence in the anarchist movement by refraining to criticize her own comrades. She also defiantly pursued topical issues (as female sexuality or the defense of motives of Leon Czolgosz—the assasin of U.S. President McKinley), love affairs (as with non-anarchist Ben Reitman), and projects (as the *Mother Earth* magazine) which brought strong criticism from other anarchists.

As her anarchist perspective constantly evolved through new insights and experience, she insisted on her own right to discover and articulate fresh themes and refinements without total consistency with the past. Her awareness of others' "feet of clay" applied to herself as well.

By its very nature, anarchism must continually renew and re-define itself. Throughout her life, Goldman exemplified this demand. Admirers of Emma Goldman in generations to come should remember her healthy balance of commitment without fanaticism, her denunciation of authorities while resisting efforts to install "liberationist authority" in their place. She searched endlessly for the best words to clarify individual subjugation, to suggest alternative paths to freedom and ways to strengthen one's resolve to engage in the struggle. Her ultimate goal was to help us carry out our own emancipation.

Footnotes

1. "Preface" in Emma Goldman, **Anarchism and Other Essays** (N.Y.: Dover Publications, Inc., 1969), p. 42.
2. **Windsor Star**, 5-19-39, as quoted in **Vision on Fire: Emma Goldman on the Spanish Revolution [VOF]** (ed. by David Porter) (New Paltz, N.Y.,: Commonground Press, 1983), p. 321.
3. Emma Goldman 9-10-37 "Political Will" letter to Mollie Steimer, as quoted in **VOF**, pp. 299-300.
4. Emma Goldman, "Was My life Worth Living?" (1934), in **Red Emma Speaks: An Emma Goldman Reader** (ed. by Alix Kates Shulman) (N.Y.: Schocken Books, 1983), pp. 435, 438, 442-3.
5. Emma Goldman 6-1-37 letter to Max Nettlau, in **VOF**, p. 294.
6. Emma Goldman 1-25-38 letter to Abe Bluestein, in **VOF**, pp. 272-3.
8. "Preface," **Anarchism and Other Essays**, p.43.

Further readings by and about Emma Goldman available through FE Books; use order form on the book page.

Vision on Fire: Emma Goldman on the Spanish Revolution by David Porter $8
The Traffic In Women & other essays on femminism by Emma Goldman $3
Introduction to *My Disillusionment In Russia* by Emma Goldman $.75
Living My Life by Emma Goldman in two volumes. Both vol. $18
Emma Goldman: Una mujer en las tormenta del siglo by Jose Peirats – in Span. $5

●●●

News and Reviews

Continued from Page 23

ting as a response to homelessness. I kept wondering where revolutionary considerations for childcare would fit into the Terror and virtue discussion.

—B.W.

Instead of a Magazine Vol. 9, No. 47, $1.50 to POB 433, Willimantic CT 06226.

This digest-sized xerox zine tackles a topic each issue. "Coping with the system without contemplating suicide," may strike a responsive chord in many of us. Some of us leave such thoughts behind. Others don't. I'm afraid the lead article by editor Michael Zeising had too much pop psychology and too little personal content to suit me. Mike Gunderloy's piece was much more helpful, despite its brevity, because it was personal.

Terry Epton's "Pol Pot meets Kropotkin" was as brash a presentation of anarcho-liberalism as I have seen recently. Avi Naftel's piece is a good dose of reality for the would-be outlaws among us. Read it and (re)consider.

—B.W.

Letters to the Fifth Estate

Tornado Warning

Dear Fifth Estate:

We appreciate your kind mention of our group in your last issue (see Winter 1990 FE, "300,000 at Pro-Choice Demo—Plus Us"), but we are not "Storm Warning" as the article identified us.

Our name is Tornado Warning and we are a feminist action group devoted to Womyn's self-determination, self-help, and self-knowledge.

We see womyn trying, sweating, and crying just to maintain the right to decide whether or not to have a baby, just surviving. We believe womyn need to unite and go beyond survival to self-determination, take back the knowledge to perform our own abortions, herbal or mechanical.

We are interested in making connections with other womyn's groups.

Tornado Warning
POBox 7627
Minneapolis MN 55407

To The Hills

Dear FE:

Received your most recent issue of your newsletter and enjoyed it immensely. For several years now you folks have been kind enough to send me a free prisoner sub—really wonderful to know "free" people are out there. Most people who write me are more incarcerated than I am and I am in Ohio's close security prison of Lebanon.

I am once more in the hole waiting for a turn at local control (long term hole). Seems among other sins too numerous to enumerate I had a "pro-fascist" book: Wilhelm Reich's *Mass Psychology of Fascism* and a "porno" book: Reich's *Function of the Orgasm.* When I saw the Reich books in your collection, I thought you might appreciate the humor.

Your newsletter gives me some hope that out there somewhere is some sanity. In the late 70's I led two major strikes at Chillicothe Correctional, since then my health has deteriorated (insulin dependent —90 units a day), diabetes and severe high blood pressure. I think I will last til my release date May 5, 2008 (a Monday). I am one of those disabled prisoners whose 10% Social Security and Workmens' Comp was taken away and used to pay for our incarceration. Where else could I get such fabulous service for $50 a day.

I'd appreciate anyone's correspondence real person to person talk. A self-addressed stamped envelope along with any letter would be appreciated. I have two masters (Education and Soviet Studies) so I am communicative on a lot of things.

I have a *Complete Works of Shakespeare* back here with me, so a friend or two of old William would be also welcomed.

I close wishing you the best and thinking of Bakunin who was seen loading machine guns in the rear of a truck aimed toward the hills as the revolutionaries streamed toward the Capital where victory was already won. When they asked where he and his guns were going, he replied, "To the hills for the new revolution."

Robert Kim Walton
Box 56-175-999
Lebanon, OH 45036

Not A Monster

Hi, FE folks:

I was very disturbed by the extreme moralism of the poem, "In the Real World Series, Nature Bats Last," by Herrada. I will not be forced to kneel before any thing without question. Nor will I feel obliged to answer to anything.

Herrada's conception of the Earth is no less ugly than the Yahweh of the Old Testament. It demands utter subordination, unquestioning obedience.. Were the Earth really as she describes it, then to use Bakunin's phrase, "it would be necessary to abolish" it.

Fortunately, this disgusting, authoritarian conception of the Earth is only a monster haunting Herrada's head—a monster she'd do well to kill.

Civilization is based on the suppression of our passions and desires, our subjectivity, in the name of some allegedly higher power. The name by which that power is called matters little; it is always just another name for domination, for the repression of the free, wild being.

Smash *all* authority,
Feral Faun
Eugene, OR

Herrada ♀ replies: "Serving a higher power" is not what I had in mind. Nowhere in my piece can one interpret that a voluntary act of obedience or worship will be committed. I purposely used the word "forced" because, regardless of how unwilling we may be to fall, our lack of sinew may disappoint us.

When the earth is vibrating, trembling, shaking with all its might, standing our ground may be very difficult indeed. Whether or not you "feel obliged" is not the issue. In fact, you might not kneel at all; you might be laid flat out.

If I thought the earth fit the role of a god, I would assert that "environmentalism" is a waste of time and energy, since a god can surely fend for itself. I do not view the earth as some spiritual higher power or omniscient deity to be worshiped, but as a living, breathing organism with powerful defense mechanisms that does not distinguish between those who treat it well and those who trash it. As with wild creatures, it *will* bite the hand that feeds it.

I admire your radical, uncivilized, anti-authoritarian attitude, Mr. Faun, but it becomes arrogance when you believe that it is your defense against earthquakes.

Spreading Discontent?

Dear FE Friends,

As to my not renewing my subscription to your paper, I'd like to share with you my thoughts. I've actually been reading FE for a few years, and have access to back issues at the *Reality Now* office Over the time I have been familiar with your work and your paper, your various messages have been as clear as a bell to me. I especially appreciate your anti-technology and anti-industrial sentiments, but I'm sure that if I were to continue receiving the Fifth Estate, the same messages and conclusions would simply be reinforced.

I have a friend who works in artificial intelligence labs at universities, and a friend who acts in television commercials, and a friend who is a stockbroker, and one who is a university professor, and even a relative who lives with an Israeli soldier! So, I have access to opinions and personalities of people who are directly involved in things you decry. Guess what! I have lent each of them books and magazines (including the FE) which oppose what they do.

I appreciate your convincing people, and reinforcing in me, such things as the wrongness of imperialism and the backwardness of technology. I try to do the same by buying several copies of books such as *Elements of Refusal* and *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television* to lend to people. At the same time, though, people like my friends who work in artificial intelligence labs keep on doing what they are doing, and the world doesn't seem to become a better place. No matter how many people subscribe to your paper or others like it, the various and single causes of anarchy don't appear to be tangibly advancing.

Perhaps the most fundamentally wrong thing about schooling is being done by the anarchist movement: trying to teach people, rather than having them learn; and trying to force change, rather than letting it occur on its own. The only reason I am an anarchist is because I came to it by my own will. Do you know any anarchists who are anarchists for any other reason?

Many anarchists and non-anarchists, too, are strong believers in spreading discontent, or views which foster discontent. We've all heard legions spreading discontent about one thing or everything, and a million reasons why it is good to do so. I really wonder, though, isn't the end result a more miserable world? Miserable people tend to do uncaring, miserable things. I would rather spread contentedness, make the world a less miserable place, and and inspire people to do caring things. One step toward my being more content is declining to renew my FE subscription.

For a brighter future,
Glenn R. Harrington
London, Ontario, Canada

Greek Digger

Dear FE Readers:

I have recently received some anti-authoritarian magazines from Greece in the mail. I can't read Greek and am looking for someone who would be interested in translating them.

Also, if anyone has a copy of the *Digger Papers* from the '60s, I'd pay the cost of xeroxing and mailing to get a copy (I can't afford more), as I've wanted to read them for a while.

If anyone can help me with either of these things please write me. Thanks.

Feral Faun
1369 Haight St.
San Francisco CA 94117

Suicidal Straw Men?

Fellow Workers,

In your eagerness to move "beyond anarchism," in search of "utopian" and primitivist visions, you once again seriously misrepresent the position of those of us who continue to argue for the anarchist vision of a free, self-managed society. (See "Anarchy in San Francisco, FE Win-

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The type of reaction to aggressive U.S. wars caricatured in this 1968 Fifth Estate Vietnam-era cartoon by Ron Cobb has moderated somewhat in the last twenty years, even if American invasions of foreign countries haven't. Public enthusiasm for Bush's "little" war in Panama ran high, but it seemed to express a character closer to cheering for Monday Night Football rather than the rabid patriotism depicted here.

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ter 1990.)

The leaflet we distributed at the San Francisco gathering, "Have Anarchists Forgotten Their Principles?," was hardly limited to the RSL's infiltration of the anarchist movement. Rather, we criticized the takeover of the movement by Marxists (including the RSL), spiritualists, lifestyle "anarchists," and cheerleaders for third world dictatorships and aspiring dictators.

We did discuss RSL infiltration, but as an example of how anarchists' failure to hold to and take seriously our ideas has left the movement easy prey to non-anarchist elements of all types. Bob Brubaker could at least have taken the time to read our comments before discussing them.

Equally obnoxious was George Bradford's distortion of Kropotkin's writings in a cynical effort to connect your primitivist ideology to the anarchist tradition. (See "Revolution Against the Megamachine," FE Winter, 1990.) In the article you mention , Kropotkin made the point that in a revolutionary society workers would reorganize production, abandoning industries that served no useful purpose.

Anarcho-syndicalists are in full agreement with Kropotkin on this point. We would certainly either dismantle the factories where nuclear weapons and power plants (to cite just two examples) are produced, or convert them to more useful activities should that prove feasible.

As workers take control of our productive activity and of the communities in which we work and live, we would naturally completely reorganize industry—building upon what exists, but transforming it to meet our needs. But abandoning our workplaces would not only be suicidal, it would result in ecological disaster on an unimaginable scale. Without industry, famine and plague would be inevitable—with all the ecological consequences they entail. Nor can one simply walk away from nuclear power plants and oil wells without inviting catastrophe.

The Fifth Estate's current trajectory is simply irrelevant to the task of building a self-managed, ecologically sound, and free society. Your vision runs directly contrary to the most basic needs of our fellow workers, and to the potential survival of this planet on which we live. Because your case is too weak to stand except when buttressed by straw men, you are constantly forced to misrepresent other positions. It is time either to reconsider your position, or to admit that you have long since ceased to have anything in common with the anarchist movement.

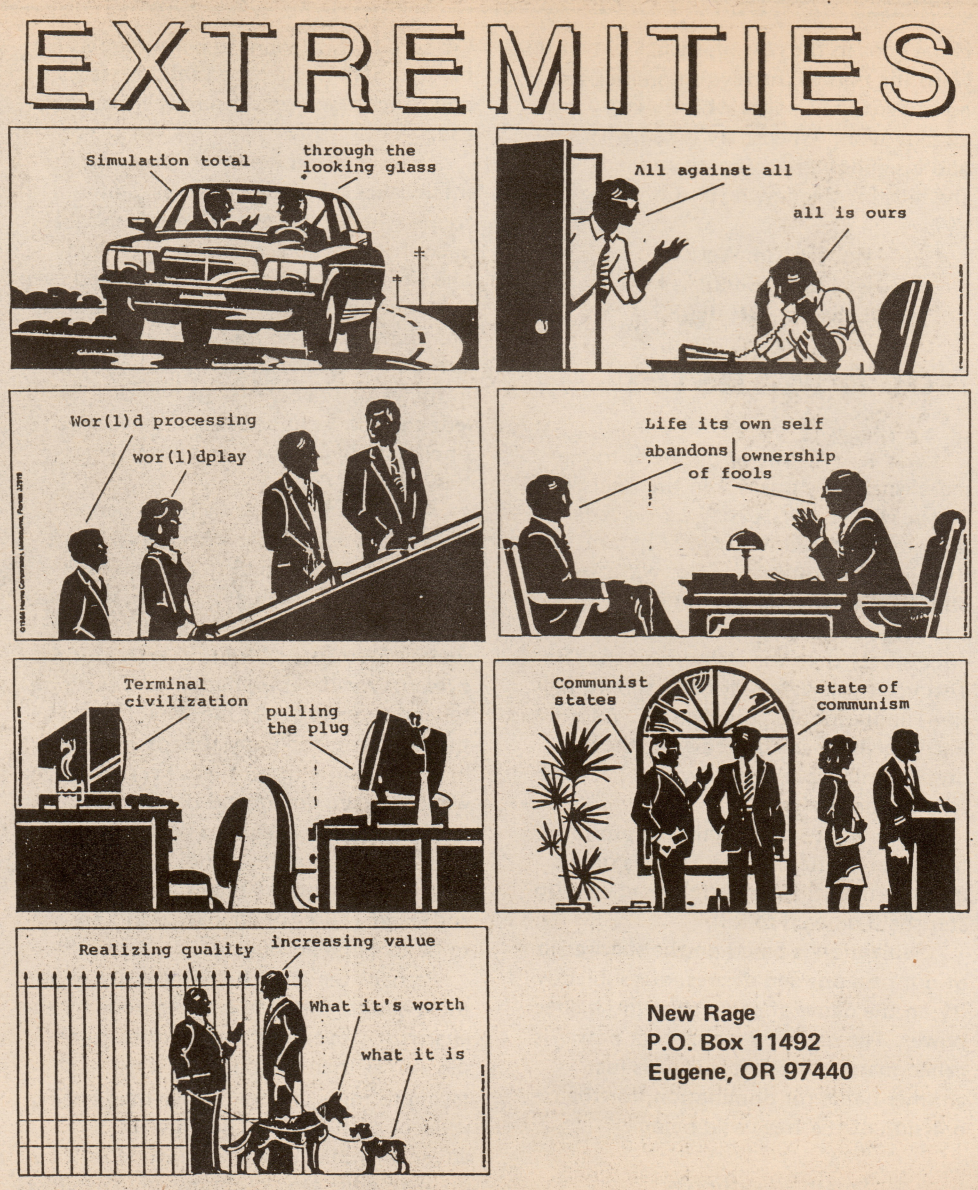
Jon Bekken
Champaign, Illnois

Not For Sale

To The Fifth Estate:

The Winter 1990 FE is really great! Almost unbelievable! We *already* have a continental anarchist newspaper: *The Fifth Estate*!

George Bradford's article, "Revolution Against the Megamachine," is excellent at painting another clear picture of our life or death ultimatum. I have a 1985 issue of *Harbinger* in which Debbie Bookchin interviewed Rudolph Bahro, where he said it is going to require World War III or some other holocaust before there will be hope! So, when Bradford quotes Bahro as the article's voice of some hope, I really don't feel very encouraged!



New Rage
P.O. Box 11492
Eugene, OR 97440

Also, I have read many commentaries from people who attended the Without Borders anarchist conference, but your coverage and analysis were by far better to someone who wasn't there. (See "Anarchy in San Francisco.")

I'm really full of respect for those who dared discuss the topic of anarchists in the sex industry. Every wage worker is a prostitute, and it's really incorrect to single out one trade as wrong. It was in the Summer 1988 FE that I saw topless women marching down the middle of the street with "NOT FOR SALE" painted on their chests.

Is it more morally right to pump gas? or serve hamburgers? or deliver newspapers? In fact, the sex trade seems more anarchistic to me than most any other job, and they don't pay the taxes that pay for my prison guards.

Phil Scalice
Shelton WA

A Little Flippant

To the Fifth Estate,

The exchange between me and the FE in the last issue's letter pages seemed to me a little flippant on both sides. I feel the need to add a few words of perspective and argumentation.

It was definitely a thrill when Fredy Perlman turned me on to the FE in 1975. Since late that year I have been a periodic contributor to a project which for a long time had no peers, and became friends with its creators. We've never agreed on everything as is obvious to FE readers, but I think our relationship was based on mutual respect and stimulation. I still expect the paper to contribute importantly to the movement of liberation, especially through its consistent critique of modern technology. Over time I've come to expect a lot from the FE, perhaps too much.

To give my opinion that FE, in a most demanding time, is now lacking in terms of originality or critical zip is not a pleasurable act. Rather I feel anguish, especially in the absence of a correspondence no longer desired by my erstwhile Detroit friends, to say publicly what we are no longer debating privately.

I refer, for example, to the strong affinity at the FE for symbolic protest, the limits of which were obvious to many already in the '60s. An affinity which seems to have grown stronger in the '80s as FE's critique has grown duller. Other friends of mine have lost interest in the paper in recent years, criticizing me for my lasting affiliation to it.

In the last issue I leveled brief but harsh criticisms at both the summer '89 A conference in SF and the FE. The reply strongly suggested that my negative judgments were really based on resentment over the A Con's refusal to print a letter of mine and the fact that nothing of mine has appeared in the paper recently. This level of pettiness and evasion is disappointing.

In the first instance, only if mine were the only critical letter received (which I very strongly doubt) by the Conference Newsletter would its nonappearance be of much importance to me or anyone else; in the second case, what I see as a decline in the paper, and much less interest in communication with me, has meant that writings of mine now appear in such places as *Anarchy* and *Demolition Derby*. This is not exactly the same as nursing a grudge at having no publisher.

The FE reply also implied that since I was present at neither the A Con nor the anti-incinerator protests, there is nothing meaningful I can say about either. In fact, I know quite a bit about both from several sources, public and private. Such a riposte seems very weak; were FE writers at Valdez or in Nicaragua, etc.?

I cannot deny that personal feelings may be influencing my words: the relationship has been personal as well as political. I wish the FE folks well in the new decade, for all our sakes.

John Zerzan
410 Adams
Eugene, OR 97402

Love & Rage: RSL or Independent?

FE Note: The following letters and response are comments on Keith Preston's Winter 1990 FE article, "The RSL Is Dead, Long Live the RSL," which was critical of the founding conference of the new anarchist newsmonthly, *Love and Rage/Amor y Rabia.*

The gathering was held in Chicago Thanksgiving week-end 1989 and has been the subject of debate ever since. Preston charged that the conference was controlled by the Revolutionary Socialist League (RSL), the Revolutionary Anarchist Bowling League (RABL), and Hayday, a Chicago-based anarchist group.

A much longer response to Preston by Ned Day and a sample copy of *Love and Rage* are available from P.O. Box 3, Prince St. Station, New York NY 10012.

Dear Fifth Estate:

Keith Preston's article on the Anarchist newspaper project conference (*FE*, Winter 1990), "An Open Letter to the Anarchist Movement," was incorrect in many ways.

The most exciting part of the conference was the 11 hour discussion on the political statement. There was not one time I can remember that any group of people voted as a bloc on any issue of disagreement.

It took 11 hours because most of us thought it was important to define the parameters of the paper, as well as seeing where folks you didn't know were coming from. To think that such a discussion should take an hour means that you don't think political principles are important.

It is also amazing to me that Preston didn't notice that over 50% of the conference was women and that 90% of the facilitation was by women. (Some from Atlanta, Knoxville and the Bay Area that K.P. didn't notice was there at all!) If Preston had stuck around he would have seen that 50% of the elected editorial council was women.

Anarchists should ask Preston how the hell any kind of revolution is possible without the active participation of young people, which the conference had plenty of and that he neglects to mention. If I didn't know better I would think he attended a different conference.

To me, Anarchism means freedom, solidarity and mutual aid and support. I am angered by Preston's tone. Our movement should encourage many different newspapers, projects and bookstores, from various points of view. While we all may not agree on the politics and have disagreements on where to focus activity we can at least have respect for each other. In this Preston fails also.

Roni,
Detroit

Dear FE:

It is with some hesitancy that I am responding to Keith Preston's account

of the Anarchist Newspaper Conference that launched *Love and Rage,* a revolutionary newsmonthly. Such exchanges too often turn into the sectarian squabbles that keep so many anarchists busy with everything but anarchy.

Preston's account is filled with many inaccuracies. His claim that RABL, Hayday and the RSL voted as a bloc during the conference is an outrageous lie as could be attested by any honest observer of the conference. His speculation about the purposes of the RSL meeting to disband was edited by someone at the *Fifth Estate* to give the impression that their little funeral/therapy session was an organizational caucus or fraction meeting.

Preston paints a picture of a stage managed conference dominated by a few groups (RABL, Hayday and ex-RSLers) by making things up and luridly describing democratically made decisions in the most ominous tones. In describing a decision on whether the Editorial Council (elected to make decisons about the paper between conferences) should be in general agreement with the political statement drafted by the conference, Preston claims that he opposed this requirement because "a newspaper which professes to be the continental paper of the anarchist movement should be open to all individuals, groups and tendencies . . ." But *Love and Rage* makes no such claims.

In fact, the Political Statement explicitly states "We do not purport to represent the full spectrum of diversity in the contemporary anarchist movement." What could be clearer?

Preston claims he came to the conference as a supporter of the project. Either he did not understand that the conference represented a particular orientation within the broader movement or he opposed the project in the first place. At any rate he quickly aligned himself with other self-described "obstructionists" who came to the conference only to disrupt it in the most authoritarian fashion.

As long as those who disagree with the politics of *Love and Rage* can convince people that we claim to be *The* paper of *The* movement they can justify their own efforts to attack and disrupt a project organized by freely associating groups and individuals.

Preston says that *Love and Rage* is "nothing more than the latest RSL project in collaboration with RABL and Hayday." This is bullshit. This project was initiated by RABL and from the beginning has had considerable support beyond the RSL. The 18-member Editorial Council, which has the power to make decisions between newspaper conferences, has three former RSL members on it, two of whom did not sit on any decision-making body in the RSL. The Editorial Council includes people from Knoxville, Miami, New Orleans, Raleigh, Madison, the Bay Area and Atlanta. These supporters of the project are all dupes of the RSL in Preston's eyes.

By ignoring the active participation by other groups Preston also shows some of his sexism. The Bay Area and Atlanta were represented at the conference exclusively by womyn. The Editorial Council is a majority womyn. In the male dominated parts of the anarchist movement womyn are invisible. It is inconceivable to many men that womyn might behave autonomously, not as appendages to men. So Preston builds his conspiracy theory around the groups with prominent

FUCK AUTHORITY! —circa 1971, from the FE archives. An anti-war demonstration at the Detroit-Windsor Ambassador Bridge. Photographer unknown

men in them: RSL, RABL and Hayday.

Preston's real objections to *Love and Rage* are its politics, which don't fit into his narrowly class-reductionist version of anarcho-syndicalism. He complains that so much time was devoted to drafting a political statement, a task which he thinks should have taken only an hour. For him, anarchism can be boiled down to a few paragraphs attacking the State and the Bosses and that's enough.

Preston is annoyed that so much attention was given to the specific oppression of certain groups. He says "It would seem that if we say that we as anarchists oppose all oppression it would follow that we oppose racism, sexism, ageism, etc." I wish it were so. But as the experiences of the San Francisco Gathering should have made clear enough, the anarchist movement is rife with sexist, racist, homophobic, ageist and other oppressive behavior and ideas.

It is vital if anarchism is to speak to the lived experiences of the majority of humanity that we need to speak explicitly about racism, sexism, etc. Furthermore, it is not sufficient to simply oppose these evils. We need to understand how they operate if we are to intelligently attack them. I hope that *Love and Rage* will foster further discussion of these questions in the anarchist movement.

Love and Rage,
Christopher "Ned" Day
New York N.Y.

Bert Wirkes replies: Ned Day's response denying RSL domination of the *Love and Rage/Amor y Rabia* project would be more credible if the newspaper was not being produced at the old RSL office in New York City and on the same equipment used to publish the now-defunct RSL paper, *The Torch/La Antorcha,* and if its Spanish section didn't use the same translator as *La Antorcha.* Further, had Day not printed his call for the initiation of such a paper in the *hari kari* edition (Oct. 1989) of *The Torch/La Antorcha* and, when he published his pamphlet, "The Case for a Continental Anarchist Monthly," not featured the RSL paper so prominently on the cover, one might take his protestations more seriously.

We weren't in Chicago for the founding of *Love and Rage* and, hence, were left depending on the accounts of others who were. We selected Preston's report of events because he went there as a supporter (not as an "obstructionist" as Day tries to paint him) of the idea of creating a continental anarchist newspaper only to be disillusioned by what he described as the successful effort by "RSL, RABL (Day's group) and Hayday to dominate the entire conference."

We received several other *severely more critical* accounts from those whom Day refers to as obstructionists—read: people who attended but didn't agree with the procedure, politics, etc., including a member of the Resurgence group which favors both a continental newspaper and an anarchist federation.

The reports are available from: Some Chicago Anarchists, Box 163, 1340 W. Irving Park Rd., Chicago IL 60613; Karen Eliot, Box 3502, Madison WI 53704; Resurgence, PO Box 2824, Champaign IL 61825; and , Lance Klafeta, 661 W. Sheridan, no. 605, Chicago IL 60613. Enclose an SASE or $1 for postage.

To start with, I'm always suspicious when the man in charge brands his critics as sexist and I think Day's label seems particularly demagogic here. Roni, an ex-RSL woman from Detroit makes the same observation, but it is unclear why the gender composition of the conference or the Editorial Board is germane to the criticism that much of what occured was fashioned by three groups working in concert.

Next, Day charges that Preston's criticisms imply that everyone outside of the inner RSL/RABL/Hayday loop are "dupes." I don't think it denigrates the aspirations or intentions of others involved in the *Love and Rage* network to say that the ex-RSLers and Day have much more in in mind than the simple production of an anarchist newspaper.

For one thing, Day and his ex-trotskyist buddies know that small leftist cadres often control much larger front groups. For example, the RCP dominates Refuse and Resist, the Workers World Party controls the All People's Congress, and the Revolutionary Workers League runs many abortion clinic defense efforts. Sometimes the people active in the fronts know about the relationship to the smaller leftist grouping and don't care, other times the participants are simply unaware of it.

In regards to the newspaper, Day has suddenly developed a bout of modesty when he disclaims a central role in the anarchist movement for his newspaper. Earlier, in his Oct. 1989 *Torch* article, "Increase the Pressure," he seemed to envision bigger plans for himself and the paper: "The conscious development *of strategy, of plans* for actually smashing authoritarian society in the real world, is essential." (emphasis added)

This strategy is no less than the one Lenin advocated almost a hundred years ago: create a newspaper and then organize a party around it. The platform, then the apparatus. The RSL has shed its formal organizational cloak and denounced the counter-revolutionary mass murderers they supported for so many years, but it has maintained the core of leninism: instrumental politics—moving people to your agenda, and Day is along for the ride.

Perhaps the best place to see where all of this is going comes in the recent No. 13 edition (no date) of the anarcho-syndicalist paper, *ideas & action.* In it, Mike Kolhoff a perennial booster of forming an anarchist organization, says quite candidly, that the "handling of the whole (newspaper) conference by RABL, Hayday and the ex-RSL people was unfortunate," but to him, only "from a purely public-relations standpoint."

Kolhoff desires a "formal organization of anarchists" and writes that he discussed this with Chris G. (Day's other persona) and Billy Falk, a long-time RSL functionary and the grey eminence behind the *Love and Rage* project.

Here's how Kolhoff assesses the possibilities for an anarchist organization in the pages of *ideas & action:* "It was the position of both Chris G. and Billy Falk that a base for such an organization did not presently exist. Despite this, they both agreed that a more formal organization of anarchists in North America was both desirable and necessary. Their approach to achieve this increased organization was the Continental Anarchist Newspaper Project. It was their belief that, in creating a semi-formal organization around the newspaper, we would lay the foundation for a broader organization in general."

There it is, leninism without Lenin, and a process which will assure for anarchists results no less dismal than when the RSL practiced the same strategy within the socialist movement. Grafting this tired and *universally* recognized failed perspective on to an anarchist current which is just beginning to define itself is, indeed, "the dead hand of the past." One wonders whether the people in the L&R network who Day is trying so hard to protect from being called "dupes" are aware of these high level strategy sessions and the larger purpose of the paper.

Part of the problem here is that the RSLers haven't a clue what anarchism really is. They have stricken the word "socialism" from their lexicon, replaced it with "anarchism," and they're off and running. I spoke to one RSLer (who still speaks of "we"), who told me she knew a lot about anarchism from having read two anthologies on the subject! Really, these folks need about a year of study groups, sort of like de-tox, before intervening so decisively in a movement or ideas they know so

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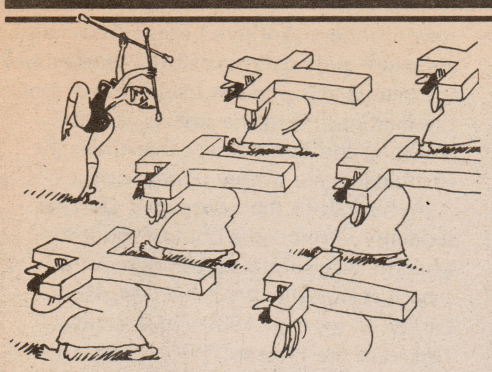
fifth estate



Christ the Vampire

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The blood's deposit was duly noted by its assignee. He activated a switch that would sterilize it with gamma rays. Then he opened the chamber from his side, removed the blood, and put it in a large freezer. He took part of an older batch out of the freezer before closing it.

He put several cc's of the blood in a special breast pocket to warm it to body temperature. Normally, he would have done nothing until it was warm, but now he lay down in his recliner. It was specially designed so that he could make himself vertical enough to encourage his body to stay awake, but still have his weight comfortably supported. He focused his mind on Reverend Jefferson of the Holy Zion Batbit Church in Anacostia.

When he had the Reverend's attention, he projected his thought: "Does anything trouble you, Isaic?"

"Lord! All is well but one thing. This servant does not wish to trouble you with it. It troubles me, this evil in my neighborhood."

"Tell me, Isaic. Let me salve your troubles."

"Lord, someone put up signs in the neighborhood. They said it is a vampire infested area, and that Christians are vampires. We took the signs down, but people are disturbed by this hideous blasphemy."

"Do you know who put up the signs?"

"No, Lord. They must have been put up at night, when our good flock would be sound asleep."

"Listen, Isaic, this is the work of Satan, but it is carried out by his followers on earth. You must double your vigilance, for the Second Coming is near, within your very lifetime. These people may be back, to spread their lies, or they may be putting up the posters in different neighborhoods. Organize your people to look for them. Capture them and turn them over to Reverend Bob. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master, it will be done as you command."

Withdrawing from the communication trance, Jesus reached for a syringe. He took the warm blood from his breast pocket and, one by one, stuck the ampules with the needle and filled the syringe. When that was done, he uncovered his leg with its special device for keeping a vein permanently open. His practiced hand slid the needle into the device and made the blood his own.

NEW! from the author of *The Last Days of Christ the Vampire,* a novel which spans history from peasant revolts in England to the American "air conditioned nightmare"—*We Should Have Killed the King* by J.G. Eccarius; available from FE Books, $5.

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little about.

Finally, Day continues to assert that the FE editing of Preston's letter was done intentionally to misrepresent the RSL's role in Chicago even after he was assured of the contrary in a previous communication. Preston wrote (in the version which appears in other papers): "Upon arriving at the conference site, I was able to witness the disbanding of what appeared to be a fraction meeting involving members of the RSL."

We substituted: "Upon arriving at the conference site, I witnessed the end of a fraction meeting involving members of the RSL who had just voted to disband their organization."

We thought (and continue to think) that our edit portrayed a better sense of what occured. Also, we wanted to include the information that the RSL had ended its existence as a formal organization. If either sentence were to be found objectionable by Day or the RSL, I would think it would be the original.

Lost in all of this, as I'm sure Ned would agree, is the newspaper itself. The first two issues of *Love and Rage* seem like a decent effort although somewhat weak on ideas. However, the declared intent of the publishers is to spotlight action (part of Day's "conscious strategy"), and the numerous articles from around the world including Bob McGlynn's excellent Eastern Europe reports and prisoner support news conform to this perspective.

Our worst fears about the content, derived from Day's slightly hysterical *Torch* article, never came to bear, in part we understand, because of the RSL's opposition to Day's barely critical support of leftist national liberation movements. Day's *Torch* statement that, "The ecological crisis is rooted in the social organization of industrialism" is pure marxist hooey, and fortunately hasn't seen the light of day.

Overall, *Love and Rage* does contain information of note about the worldwide anarchist movement, as well as other rebellious activity, and, like its predecessor, contains a section in Spanish.

Something Wrong

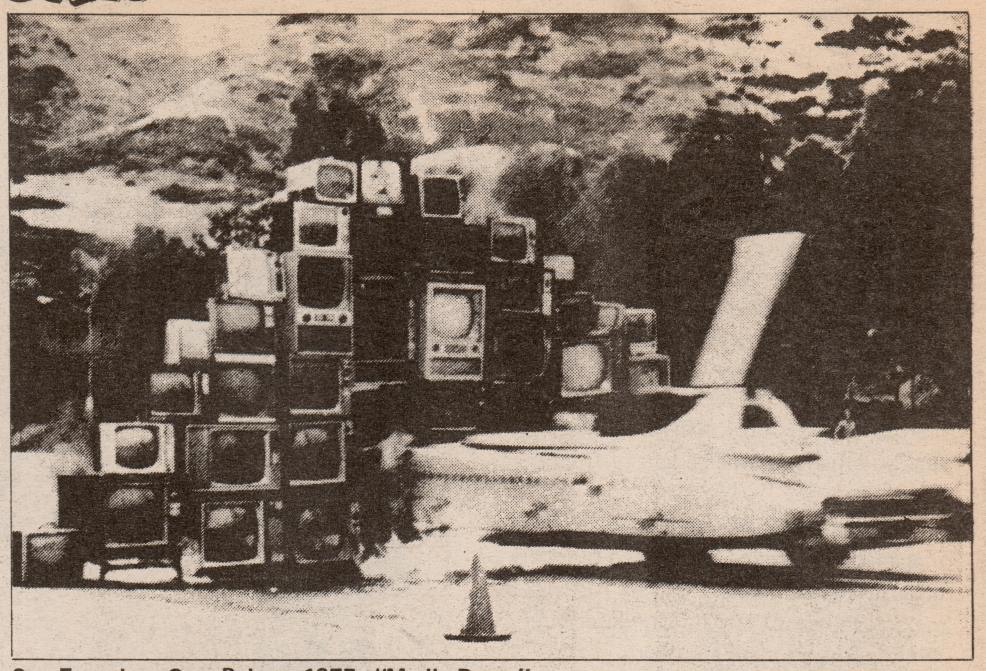
Dear Friends,

Hi! Just got three back issues of your paper and am very impressed. I lived in Detroit until 1978, and would occasionally read your paper, but was involved in feminist movement; didn't make the connection to anarchism until passing through various authoritarian feminist and marxist groups.

Reading your paper is like a brain explosion. Many new ideas, especially article about the "Myth of the Proletariat" (see FE Summer 1989). I grew up in the working class and on the one hand I object to the invisibility that goes along with that (the only working-class people on TV are idiots or racists). But at the same time I always felt that there was something wrong with the romanticization of the working class that I saw everywhere in the left. Finally got it clarified from your article!

Clare Jackson
Los Angeles, CA

The *Handy Social Decoder* says RCP stands for Remote Controlled Parrots or Revere the Chairman's Platitudes.



San Francisco Cow Palace, 1975: "Media Burn."

Roger, Michael and Me

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bon dioxide emitted. And global warming is only one of the many life-threatening spinoffs the auto industry contributes to.

As Lynne Clive wrote in the Auto Plague issue of the Fifth Estate (Spring 1987), "The automobile is the embodiment of a culture of waste. . . (it) lays waste to the landscape with its unending network of roads and freeways. It lays waste to the environment, creating acid rains that critically threaten the eco-system, polluting the city air and thus perilously increasing the incidence of respiratory diseases. In its production, each automobile creates 50 barrels of toxic waste."

She adds, "The automobile is a murderous weapon, responsible for 40,000 to 50,000 deaths and one and-a-half to two million disabling injuries yearly in the US alone. Between 1913 and 1985, 2,530,119 people were killed in the US in traffic accidents." Accompanying this litany of horror is the toll of those killed or maimed each year assembling these metal coffins.

Auto Holocaust

The simplistic assumption that good-paying factory jobs or industrial workers' utopias could solve Flint's human tragedy, politics aside, is absurd. The automobile is about death of the environment, of human beings, and of many other species we share the planet with as we run them down and destroy their habitat. To choose not to deal with this holocaust in the age of (supposedly) increasing ecological awareness is unforgivable.

Not all of the politics of "Roger and Me" are without merit; it did depict the capability of human relationships to quickly change in a world of alienated existence. The irony of old buddies from the factories being both the jailed and the jailers in Flint's new prison could not be missed. The line between the cops and the crooks in a world based on power and greed is thin indeed.

It was also interesting to watch Moore verbally joust with security people at such bastions of privilege as the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, the Detroit Athletic Club, and the General Motors Building. Private Property was repeatedly invoked as the final and absolute justification for ejecting Moore and his camera crew from the premises. Scenes like these laid bare the brutal and unapproachable nature of the rulers of society and kept the movie from being an entire political washout.

So, go have a laugh at the expense of the stuffed shirts and those down on their luck, but be forewarned: as a critique of a world gone mad, this film is a real snooze.

FIFTH ESTATE

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